

No. 138



MERRY ENGLAND

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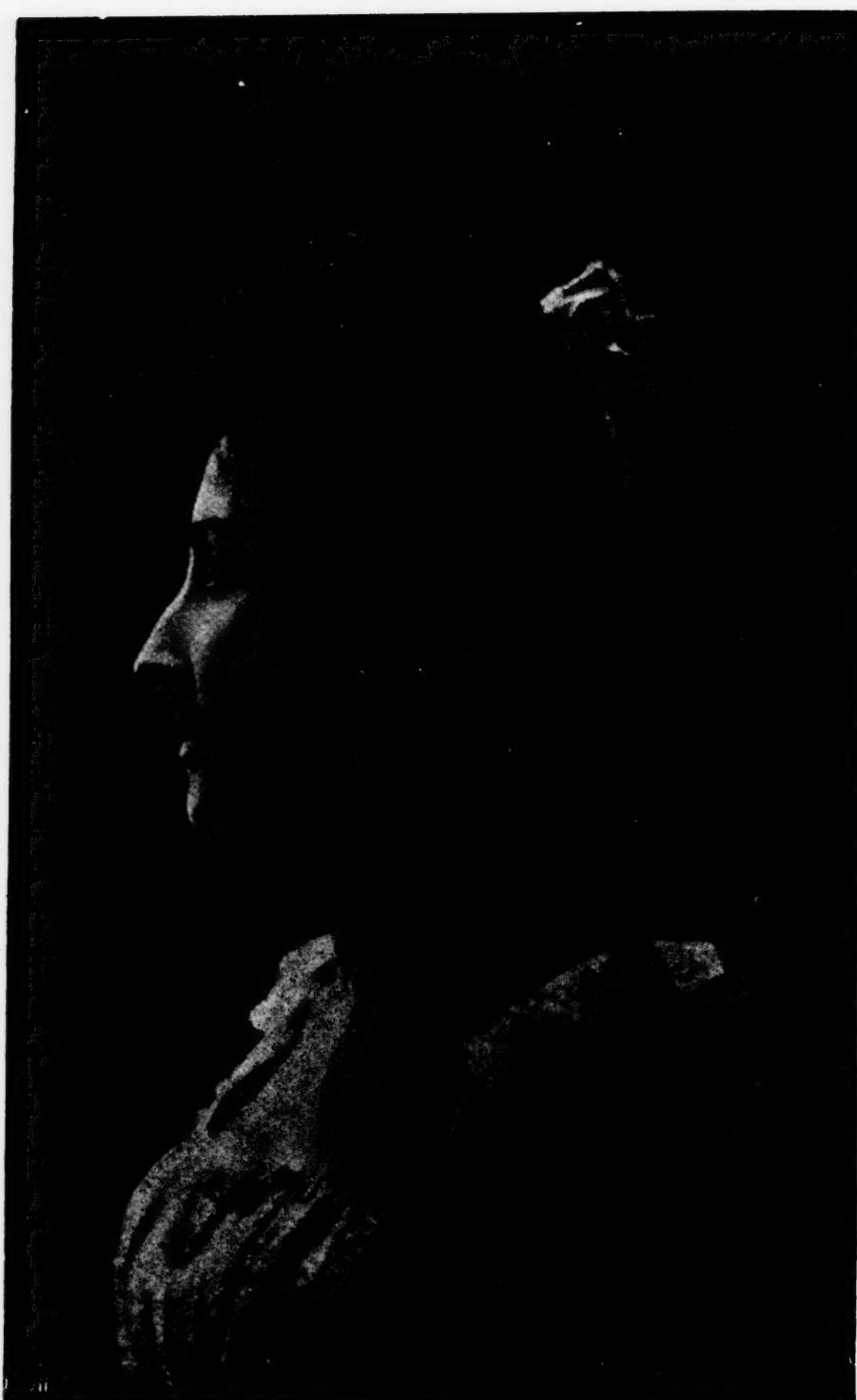
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MADEMOISELLE JEANNE DOUSTE.

MERRY ENGLAND.

JANUARY, 1895.

More Letters of Cardinal Manning.

READERS of MERRY ENGLAND possess in former numbers of this magazine a collection of letters of Cardinal Manning, written on various public and private occasions, making altogether a record of life and thought beside which many a laboured biography is inadequate and misleading. Since the date of those publications a few further letters have been lighted upon by the Compiler, or made available for appearance in these pages. These few letters, as a fitting supplement to the former collections, are now offered to the reader as a mark of homage to his memory, dear and unforgotten, on the third anniversary of his death.

"ALL THAT I SOUGHT."

To the Editor of the "Times."

33, Charles Street, W.,
May 31st, 1852.

Sir,—On my arrival from Rome on Saturday last, my attention was called to a paragraph in the *Times* of the day before, stating that my return from the Catholic Church to the Church of England was expected. To those with whom I have been

in communication, either personally or by letter, during my absence from this country, the report must appear simply absurd. But to others, who can have no such means of knowing the truth, the currency given to any rumour by the authority of the *Times* might appear to render it probable. I therefore request you to oblige me by publishing this prompt and direct contradiction of every portion and particular of the paragraph in question. I have found in the Catholic Church all that I sought, and more than while without its pale I had ever been able to conceive.

Your obedient servant,
HENRY E. MANNING.

"MANY COMMON SORROWS."

*To Bishop Samuel Wilberforce.**

37, South Audley Street, W.,
March 1st, 1856.

My dear Bishop,—It would violate the affection of nearly five-and-twenty years, and the sacred memory of many common sorrows, if we were to be silent to each other at this moment. You know me too well not to know that you have been and are both in my heart and prayers; and that the dear boy, whom our Heavenly Father has taken, was, and is, most fervently so. I believe few are more intimately united to your thoughts at this moment than I am, and I am sure that few love you with a more true love; not in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth! My heart is with you at Lavington in all its sorrows, and I pray that all the gifts of solace needed for so great an affliction as the mourning for a first-born son may descend upon you from the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Lord.

Believe me,
Always your affectionate brother,
H. E. MANNING.

OFFERINGS FOR MASSES.

St. Mary's, Bayswater,
February 28th, 1861.

Sir,—A discussion having been raised, both in Catholic and

* On the occasion of the death of the Bishop's son.

Protestant papers, on the subject of the *honorarium* or offerings made for the application of Masses to the intention of the donors, it appears to me that some obscurity has been thrown upon this question as to what the Church permits or condemns in this matter. Without referring, therefore, to any of the letters which have appeared, or criticising the writers, I would wish to give, in the words of the Church, (1) What is permitted, and (2) What is condemned.

1. The Church permits—"The received and approved custom and institution of the Church . . . a right promulgated by the Apostles of receiving temporal things from those to whom spiritual things are ministered" (*Bulla Auctorem Fidei*, Dec. liv.) On this ground the Church has in all ages permitted the free offerings of the Faithful on occasion of all spiritual offices, including the celebration of holy Mass. This custom has universally prevailed in Christendom, and has been recognised and regulated by numerous decisions of Councils and Pontiffs.

2. The Church condemns—"All kinds of conditions or compacts as by way of hire," for Masses ; and also all "importunate and illiberal exactions" of payment, as being avaricious, base, and not far from simony ("Concil. Trid." sess. xxii., c. ix.)

The Synod of Pistoja having revived the error of Wycliffe, Luther, and Calvin upon this point, Pius VI., in the Bull *Auctorem Fidei*, revived its condemnation in these terms ; declaring that the doctrine which describes as base and abusive the right to alms for the celebration of Mass, and administering Sacraments, and the receiving of stole dues, etc., and, in general, any stipend or honorarium which is offered on occasion of prayers at other parochial functions ; and, therefore, stigmatises with accusations of baseness and abuse the ministers of the Church, who, following this received and approved custom and institution of the Church, use the right promulgated by the authority of the Apostles, of receiving temporal things from those to whom spiritual things are administered ; is "false, temerarious, derogatory to the Ecclesiastical and Pastoral right, and injurious to the Church and its ministers."

From these passages it will be seen that the custom which prevails in the Church is sanctioned, approved, regulated by Councils and Pontiffs, and free from all suspicion of simony or of avarice, though it be stigmatised by the statute law of Protestant England as superstitious.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
HENRY E. MANNING.

IN DEFENCE OF BISHOP DUPANLOUP.

To the Editor of the "Morning Post."

St. Mary's, Bayswater,
March 23rd, 1861.

Sir,—In the *Morning Post* of the 21st inst. appeared a leading article directed against the Catholic Church, on occasion of a sermon said to be preached by Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. It is there stated that Monseigneur Dupanloup, on Sunday last, in the Church of St. Roch, in the course of his sermon repeated, "Every abominable falsehood, embodying every possible accusation of cruelty, tyranny, and religious persecution against the Bishop of Tuam, and ignoring altogether the remotest doubt of their absolute truth." I therefore forward to you the following statement, written by a person of the highest distinction, and by the direct authority of the Bishop of Orleans :

"Paris, March 22nd.

"We are authorised to state that the sermon of the Bishop of Orleans, which has been so violently attacked in the leading article of the *Morning Post* on March 21st, has not even taken place; and that Monseigneur Dupanloup, who is so unjustly attacked, has no knowledge of what has passed on the estates of Lord Plunket."

I feel sure, Sir, that your sense of what is due to justice and truth will at once give publicity in your next number to this correction of the mistake, on which, if I refrain from commenting, it is not from the absence of just reasons for remonstrance.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
HENRY E. MANNING.

THE BOOK THAT WAS NOT WRITTEN.

To the Editor of the "Weekly Register."

St. Mary's, Bayswater,
March, 1865.

Sir,—As literary executors of His Eminence the late Cardinal Wiseman, we are engaged in collecting materials for the compilation of a full and authentic biography. For this purpose it is necessary that we should request of His Eminence's friends and correspondents to assist us by contributing whatsoever will

throw light upon his life. We would, therefore, beg them kindly to forward to us anything they may be able to contribute under the following heads: (1) Manuscripts, (2) letters, (3) information as to facts, dates, or any marked events which may have occurred in their relations with His Eminence. As the originals may be of value, we would only ask for copies carefully made, or we would engage to return whatsoever papers were entrusted to us on that condition.

H. E. MANNING.
WILLIAM THOMPSON.

THE BISHOPS AND THE REGULARS.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Archbishop's House, Westminster,
January 22nd, 1880.

Sir,—On p. 5 of the *Times* of to-day I find a paragraph to the following effect: "Paris, January 21st.—The *Monde*, the Nuncio's organ, confirms the statement that Cardinal Manning is seeking, on behalf of the English Catholic Bishops, to obtain immediate and direct jurisdiction over the Religious Orders in their dioceses, at present responsible only to their respective Superiors."

My name having been now for many months so freely used by many papers, in England and elsewhere, in connexion with this subject, I have been often urged to correct the highly erroneous and mischievous statements which had been so confidently circulated, chiefly by correspondents professing to write from Rome. But when a subject of grave moment has been once submitted by a whole Episcopate to the Holy See, I have thought that my duty was to bear in silence the incorrect and often contradictory statements directed against me personally. I knew that in the end they would be exposed by truth and fact in my behalf.

This personal feeling which had restrained me could not equally restrain my colleagues; and by this post I have received from my venerable friend, the Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, the enclosed letter (addressed to a Birmingham newspaper), which I request you to oblige me by so printing in the *Times* as to correct this morning's communication from Paris.* I need

* The following is the letter, referred to by His Eminence, written by Bishop Ullathorne to the *Birmingham Daily Post*: "Sir,—The notice in

not say that the letter was written altogether without my knowledge. It so completely exposes the daily multiplying representations on this whole subject that I refrain from adding a word to it. No Bishop could better speak in the name of the English Hierarchy ; and no Bishop is better known or more trusted by the Catholics of England.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,
 ♣ HENRY EDWARD,
 Cardinal Archbishop.

"ALWAYS WITH US."
To his Clergy and Flock.

Archbishop's House, Westminster,
 December 22nd, 1886.

Reverend and dear Fathers, and dear Children in Jesus Christ,—Much time and many words are now being wasted in discussing whether the present distress is exceptional or not. Compared with a period of years, it may not be found 'exceptional ; but the cold, and the hunger, and the want of clothing, and of fuel, of blankets for the night and of work for the day, and your number of to-day, headed 'The Jesuits in England,' and taken from the *Daily Chronicle*, calls for correction. The facts are these : The members of the Religious bodies when employed in missionary duties—that is, in the care of souls—are in that respect subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishops, both by common law and by special enactments. The last enactment in which the Holy See regulated these matters for the Catholic clergy in England was in 1753. The great change of our position in England since that time has given rise, as a matter of course, to a number of duties that could not have been foreseen in that document, and which fall upon the Regular clergy engaged in the care of souls, as well as upon the Secular clergy. It therefore became a duty of the Catholic Bishops of England jointly to ask for instructions from the Holy See to supplement the Constitution given to our predecessors in 1753 by Pope Benedict XIV. This has been done, and the facts of the case have been stated with the distinct understanding that the Superiors of the Regular bodies should have them brought under their cognisance, that they might offer their own remarks before anything was decided. The pith of the matter, then, is this, that the Bishops ask for a definite rule for their guidance in certain duties connected with their jurisdiction in the care of souls, which is entirely committed by the Church to them. There is no question whatever touching the internal rights or privileges of the Religious bodies as respects their own internal affairs. It is no conflict between Cardinal Manning and the Jesuits. The series of communications to the *Daily Chronicle* reveal an animosity on the part of their writer against Cardinal Manning which is altogether unjust, and, to me, unintelligible ; and the articles themselves are full of the grossest errors.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servant, ♣ W. B. ULLATHORNE."

therefore the sufferings of winter, as compared with the rest of every year, are always and in every sense exceptional; and at the present moment every thoughtful and Christian man will feel it. The sudden and intense cold must bring upon the homes of our poorer brethren, especially upon the old, the sick, and the children, many and great sufferings. I am sure that in your sheltered houses, with sufficient if not abundant food and clothing, you have not forgotten those around you who are cold and in want. When you lie down on your warm bed at night you have thought of those who have often not a blanket to cover them. Therefore I call on you promptly and generously to send your offerings to the clergy of your church, and to give food, and fuel, and clothing to the poor around you. The clergy will tell you who are most in need, and you can help them in the distribution of your alms.

Reverend and dear Fathers, be so good as to read these few words on Sunday next at all Masses and at the evening service, and give notice that a collection will be made on the Sunday following for the poor. May God, through their prayers, be your reward.

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

MONSIGNOR PERSICO'S MISSION.

To the Editor of the "Times."

July 17th, 1887.

Sir,—In your paper of yesterday your correspondent from Rome states that: "From a very well-informed source I hear that the action of Cardinal Manning, which caused so many contradictory reports in reference to Monsignor Persico's mission, was as follows. . . ." Then comes circumstantial details of which I know nothing. "On learning this, the Cardinal informed the Vatican that, if it came under such conditions, it would be boycotted and perhaps insulted." My last contradiction ought to have rendered this statement impossible. So far as I know, there is neither a word nor a shadow of truth in the statement of your correspondent. I request you to publish this second contradiction in your paper to-morrow.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

"THE GREAT WORK OF THE ALLIANCE."

To the Secretary of a Meeting of Teetotalers in the Manchester Free Trade Hall.

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,
October 22nd, 1891.*

Dear Mr. Whyte,—Your letter makes me feel young again. It brings back the old days of the Free Trade Hall. By the date of your meeting I shall have got far into my eighty-fourth year, and I do not think that I shall ever see Manchester again. I should be glad if you will tell the meeting with what regret I am unable to be present, and how gladly I would do anything in my power to forward the great work of the United Kingdom Alliance. Anything that I could ever do for it in London shall always be gladly done.

Believe me, dear Mr. Whyte,
Yours faithfully,

✠ HENRY E. CARDINAL MANNING.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF GRACE.

*To the Rev. Dr. Lunn, Editor of the "Review of the Churches."**

Archbishop's House,
October 30th, 1891.

My dear Dr. Lunn,—I will not again refuse to send you a few words; but it is difficult for me to do more than listen to the voices which are reviewing "the Churches." In May, 1848, I saw and spoke for the first time with Pius IX. He questioned me at length about the Christianity of England, and about the multiplicity of good and charitable works done by Anglicans and Dissenters, ending with the Quakers and the great prison reformation of Mrs. Fry. He then leaned back in his chair, and said, as if to himself, "The English do a multitude of good works; and when men do good works God always pours out His grace. My poor prayers are offered day by day for England." Since that time every year has multiplied all kinds of good works in England. There can be no doubt that an especial power of the Holy Ghost has breathed, and is still breathing, over our people. I gladly repeat the words of Pius IX., for I rejoice over the good works which cover the face of

* Who had asked the Cardinal to contribute a paper to the "Round Table Conference" on the Reunion of Christendom.

our country. My daily prayer is for England ; and, so far as it has been in my power, I have shared your good works, and united with your peaceful and beneficent aims. In the words which open your first number I heartily agree. You say : "The tendency of religion in our day is towards union." There has grown up in the last fifty years a vivid sense or instinct that division is evil, and the source of evils. The desire and prayers for the reunion of Christendom have created movements and organisations, both in the Anglican and in the Dissenting bodies, and your *Review of the Churches* is its latest and most resolute manifestation.

When I held back from writing as one of your contributors, it was not from any slackness in desiring that all our hearts may be drawn into unity, but from unwillingness to strike a note out of harmony with you. You have many ways of seeking union. We have but one. Union in good works has indeed a constraining moral influence in bringing the most remote men together, and charity is a way to Truth: "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." This is a safe course for those who are divided from each other. Controversy repels, but charity unites. Your present action cannot fail to bring many minds into closer union of goodwill.

But this is neither our need nor our method. Union is not unity. And unity is not the creation of human wills, but of the Divine. It does not spring up from the earth : it descends from Heaven. St. Cyprian truly describes it as the raiment of our Lord, "without seam, woven *from the top* throughout by heavenly Sacraments." It is Truth that generates Unity, and it can be recovered only by the same principle, and from the same source from which it descended in the beginning.

Mr. Price Hughes has quoted, he says with surprise, some words of mine from a book on the "Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost." There was no need for surprise ; for these words are only the Catholic doctrine of the universality of Grace. And they present the doctrine of the visible Church, which has not only a visible body, but also an invisible soul. The soul of the Church is as old as Abel, and as wide as the race of mankind. It embraces every soul of man who has lived, or at least has died, in union with God by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Nearly thirty years ago I published all this in answer to my friend, the late Dr. Pusey, in a letter on "The Workings of the Spirit in the Church of England." This letter has been lately reprinted by Messrs. Burns and Oates. Thus far, then, I can

lay a basis on which to write and to hope with all your contributors. We believe that the Holy Ghost breathes throughout the world, and gathers into union with God, and to eternal life, all those who faithfully co-operate with His light and grace. None are responsible for dying *inculpably* out of the visible body of the Church. They only are culpable who knowingly and wilfully reject its Divine voice when sufficiently known to them. But I must not go on, for you are seeking union in agreements, and I have no will to strike a discordant note. You say truly "the controversies to which most of our Churches owe their rise have lost much of their interest for us ; some of them are hardly intelligible."

I have two great advantages. I can hope and embrace you in the soul of the Church, and I can rejoice in all, and gladly share in many of your good works. May the Holy Ghost renew His own unity in Truth !

Believe me, my dear Dr. Lunn,
Yours very truly,

HENRY E. CARDINAL MANNING.

Our Lady of Pity.

SHE stands, the Lady of Pity,
Over the old church porch.
Outside the walls of the city,
The sea creeps up to the church.

She is stained with the wind and the weather ;
No baby is at her breast ;
Her crown is browner than leather,
Where swallows have made a nest.

Your lady of marble is fairer,
Your lady of silver is fine,
But the Lady of Pity is dearer,
Stained with the rain and brine.

So lonely she leans for ever,
Her arms outstretched to take in
The city with woe and fever,
The city with want and sin.

The old folk say, and aver it,
Her hands were clasped on her heart,
Till the cry of a broken spirit
Brought them in blessing apart.

'Twas a young maid, wailing and crying
In her chamber under the moon,
With a hurt heart, hurt and undying,
That must be hid at the noon.

Her cheeks grow greyer and greyer,
 Her hands are fevered and dry,
 Her lips would utter a prayer,
 They only fashion a cry.

She is hurt past human recover,
 With a mortal pain in her side ;
 And she dare not think of her lover ;
 Her lover is with his bride.

She said : " I will out of the city,
 Where nought of comfort is found,
 And the dear, dear Lady of Pity
 Will give me staunch for my wound."

The wind is moaning and blowing
 The snow on her soft fair head,
 No light in the casement showing ;
 The good townsfolk are in bed.

She steals through the gates of the city,
 And out where the breakers roar,
 And the lonely Lady of Pity
 Is over the old church door.

She sobs her pitiful story
 To the lonely Lady of stone ;
 That stars look down in their glory,
 The wind goes by with a moan.

The stars gaze down in their splendour,
 What marvel now doth betide ?
 The Lady of Pity, most tender,
 Has opened her arms out wide.

The heart that hath suffered and striven
 Is filled with a sudden peace ;

"Oh, 'tis the rapture of Heaven!"
She cries in her pain's surcease.

In the early morning they found her,
Dead as a frozen bird,
And the snows had drifted around her,
Like the ermine cape of a lord.

Our Lady of Pity be praised!
She leaned from her place above,
Her arms outstretched and upraised,
As though in blessing and love.

See! yonder she is leaning for ever,
Her kind arms stretched to take in
The city with woe and fever,
The city with shame and sin.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

Missy, Baby Bunting, and the Dempster Baby.

CHAPTER I.

CYRIL HOLSTROP BEAUCHAMP was coming of age, and there was a large house-party assembled in Beauchamp House to celebrate the event. Every Beauchamp, within a thousand miles, was staying at the house, from the Admiral—the head of the family, who quitted his beloved preserves in Scotland at a most inconvenient time, in order to be present at his eldest grandson's majority—to Cyril's youngest cousin's cousin, a baby in arms. There was to be a week of revelry, including dinners, fêtes, dances, fireworks, and every other kind of indoor or outdoor festivity that the wit of man can devise and the heart enjoy. The time was September; the date quite recent; the scene one of the finest domains in Wiltshire. Cyril Beauchamp was heir to a title and fortune as well as lands, and altogether the occasion was as important as it was gratifying to all concerned.

These few preliminary remarks written, it is necessary to say at once that this is no story of a young man's entrance into manhood with all the ceremonies pertaining thereto. It is merely the account of an incident which took place at Beauchamp during that memorable week, and with which Cyril Beauchamp, the hero, together with the other principal actors of that time, have nothing whatever to do. The real story relating to the big household at Beauchamp, during that particular September week, would fill many volumes, besides including more than one hero

and heroine. Baby Bunting and Missy are the hero and heroine in this incidental chip struck from the block of the unwritten Beauchamp House annals, and their tale can be told in three short chapters.

Cyril Beauchamp's father was Baby Bunting's uncle, which was the reason of his presence on the auspicious occasion. As a rule, when Baby Bunting's mamma went out visiting Baby Bunting was left behind in his ancestral home. A proper description of Baby Bunting would almost fill a chapter in itself. The circumstances of this narrative limit me to a paragraph or two. Baby Bunting had a small, delicately-shaped face, with a pretty bright pink in his cheeks that caused ladies to rave about him to his mamma. His eyes were large, and in quality were like those of a lynx ; in appearance they were black, fathomless lakes, in which an angel had dropped a star or two at his birth. His hair was soft and black and silky, and was closely cropped to his handsome head. His hands and feet were small, and of extreme activity. His hearing was as remarkably developed as were his powers of observation.

In repose, Baby Bunting strongly resembled a ball. There is every reason to suppose he was older than his height warranted ; for he stood exactly three feet high, and he had already begun to learn French and Latin. Moreover, he had stood at that above mentioned height for two years now, and still showed no signs of moving upwards. But neither his inability to grow, nor the fact of his possessing no waist at all, and very little neck, impeded Baby Bunting's movements, which were of the swiftest and lightest. To see him run was a revelation in speed ; when he climbed trees you were irresistibly reminded of the Darwinian theory of ancestry ; a steeplechase with Baby Bunting meant ignominious defeat on your part. Baby Bunting's costume was chiefly made up of a belted tunic and leather gaiters.

As for Missy, the partner of Baby Bunting's life these days,

she is indescribable. Perhaps (for I was, and am, and always shall be in love with her), since I know I cannot do justice to her in words, I prefer to leave her charms untouched upon sooner than dilate on them unworthily; and, shrinking from the thought of conveying a false impression of her loveliness, would rather convey no idea at all of it, and of her, than one that is not entirely accurate.

Missy is to me the incarnation of all things lovely and daring and wicked. A head-and-a-half taller than Baby Bunting, though his junior by a year, she had consented with less pressure than usual to be his sweetheart for the time that they were staying together in Beauchamp House. Baby Bunting lived in a paradise of love and conspiracy. Other people might require entertainments to be devised for their amusement and the whiling away of the hours: it was enough for Baby Bunting's happiness that Missy bestowed on him her ingenuous affection, and matured with him plots against the peace and lives of their fellowkind.

There were babies at Beauchamp House during this auspicious week; there were school-boys, and there were girls—little, big, and bigger girls. Missy eschewed their company with indifferent disdain, and devoted herself to Baby Bunting. There happened to be no boy anywhere approaching Baby Bunting's age in the house just then, so Missy's devotion was a double boon. But much as Baby Bunting preferred the art of war to that of love-making, the trumpets of a thousand boy companions might have called in vain for his attendance on the battlefield when Missy held out her imperious, little, brown hand, and said, "Come!"

The command was generally followed by a secret revelation of a new plot against public security, darkly devised in Missy's fertile brain. Baby Bunting had the genius that could reduce the wildest and most desirable, but impossible, plots into practical working order. On this account only he would have been

a most desirable coadjutor; and Missy preferred him, at the present time, to all her lovers. Conspiracy, when it was not too innocent, was agreeable to Baby Bunting also: he was prepared to thoroughly enjoy his visit to Beauchamp House.

This was after Missy's appearance on the scene. She arrived, with her guardians, some twenty-four hours after Baby Bunting had taken possession of the house and grounds in his own quiet way. During that time Baby Bunting—aware that if he joined forces either with the girls or the boys of the house-party he would have to "fag" grievously—confided to me, more than once, that he thought "things" would be "slow." Suddenly Missy appeared, and joy—radiant intense, and fearful joy—lit up Baby Bunting's slightly wearied countenance.

All the ladies petted and anathematised Missy, secretly or openly, turn and turn about. Every man, from the Admiral downwards, was her open admirer and champion. When the cloven foot showed, to their own discomfiture, as frequently occurred, they still swore allegiance to her, and stoutly maintained her peerless qualities.

Children adored Missy, but they were not usually favoured by her with a return of this sentiment. Babies she tolerated, individually. If there was one thing more than another that she scorned, it was the "perambulator parade" that took place in the elm avenue twice a day at strict nursery hours.

The tale begins with the afternoon of Missy's first day at Beauchamp House. It was tea-time, and the hall where tea was served presented an appearance both cheerful and animated. Baby Bunting and Missy were not yet advanced to "afternoon tea." Baby Bunting handed cups and plates very prettily, and his aunt valued his services more than those of a dozen footmen. This afternoon, having politely accepted the cakes and sweet-meats weakly offered to him by the many admirers of his shining eyes and pink cheeks, he retired with Missy to the gallery overlooking the hall rather earlier than the time of his

usual, unobtrusive withdrawal from the tea party. Here, behind the gallery balustrade, the pair settled down to an impromptu feast, and discussed the party below.

Baby Bunting had already made all the new acquaintances he cared to make among the guests. He retailed all the freshly acquired knowledge at his disposal, together with his opinions on men and things at Beauchamp House, for Missy's edification. She was the new-comer.

Missy nibbled macaroons and peered down through the oaken balusters from under her long, thick, brown lashes. Her silky masses of hair swept Baby Bunting's shoulder. He was sitting close to her side, cross-legged, bunched up into his favourite ball-like attitude. His tongue moved very fast and softly.

"H'm," remarked Missy, at the end of a long exhaustive epitome of facts and fancies concerning the party in the hall, blissfully unconscious of the two pairs of critical, gleaming eyes above. "H'm," said Missy, "is there anybody else here whom we shall like or—not—like?"

Mankind was divided into two supreme kinds for Missy and for Baby Bunting—people they liked, and people they did not like. They took both kinds under their fostering care. There was a considerable number of people about whom they had no sentiment, one way or another. These they ignored entirely.

Baby Bunting quivered with excitement at Missy's last question. He had kept the *bon bouche* to the last. He pointed downwards, with a dramatic gesture and sparkling eyes.

"Do you see that big, fat, ever so fat man, at auntie's tea-table, Missy?"

"I see three," said Missy, coldly, munching marrons glacés, as she stared, indifferently, downwards.

"But the bald fattest man, who says 'Hah'! Listen! you'll hear him! and strokes his stomach when he's swallowed anything he likes 'spescially. Oh, look, Missy, quick! he's stroking

it now ! It's the sandwiches ! That's him ! Auntie's smiling at him now ; p'rhaps he's said something she knows he wants her to think funny."

"I see *him*," said Missy, casting a cold, contemptuous look in the unfortunate gentleman's direction. "He doesn't look much."

"His name's Dempster, Missy ; but I call him 'Hah,' 'cause he always says 'Hah' when he's got nothing else to say. And he's got a baby that's just like him."

"A baby !" gasped Missy, in an unnatural whisper. "Has he brought it here ?"

Baby Bunting nodded, very fast and emphatically.

"Well," said Missy, in a voice of concentrated disgust ; "well, I should have thought there was enough Beauchamp babies here, without folks wishing to harbour any stranger Dempster babies !"

"Everybody thinks it's a wonderful baby, Missy," said Baby Bunting, edging closer to his companion, and speaking in slower, more emphatic tones, with every word. "But that's because the Dempster man and his wife think it is."

"His wife !" ejaculated Missy, in tones of deeper disgust, if that were possible, than before. "Don't tell me, Baby Bunting, that that pig of a sandwich swallower has a wife !"

Baby Bunting nodded again, vigorously.

An' she's fat too, Missy, Oh, ever so fat ! and has fat cheeks, and fat hands, and fat blobby curls ! And the baby's just like em both—fat and ee-normous !"

"Does it say 'Hah'?"

Baby Bunting giggled. "No, but it's like—like suet, Missy ; and the Dempster wife says—she squeaks, Missy ; her voice is so funny ! it's a hundred sizes too small for her ; and when she talks you think of one of those balloon bladder dolls popping. But she says: 'The charm of my baby, my dear Lady Winstanton (Lady Winstanton was the lady of Beauchamp House), is its angelic repose.'"

I regret to say that Baby Bunting adapted his own voice to an exact fac-simile of the shrill falsetto peculiar to the lady in question. Missy broke into a low, speedily suppressed giggle.

"And Papa Dempster takes Mamma Dempster on his arm, and they walk 'longside the line of prambulators every morning—fancy! No one else does—'spescially no men!—regular! But they do, swelling with pride and fatness," went on Baby Bunting, with kindling eyes, and a voice reduced to huskiness through the necessary exertion of keeping a naturally loud organ in severe subjection. "Auntie thinks them ridiculous, I know, but doesn't tell them so."

"I would," interpolated Missy, briskly. "I'd tell that fat, blobby Dempster woman and the sandwich swallower too!"

"She won't 'cause they're her guests," said Baby Bunting, with a wise look. "It's not polite to tell your guests they are ridiculous. You may think so; but you pretend you don't to them. I heard auntie telling the Duke's pretty wife that why they are so proud of it is 'cause they've been married years, and years, and years, and never haven't had no baby afore! and they laughed. The Duke's wife thought them ridiculous, I know, to make such a fuss over a fat, suety baby."

"I'd like to prick it!" said Missy, with sudden viciousness. "I'd wake its suetiness up!"

"It's got great goggle eyes, like Hah has. Oh, Missy, look how he's smiling all over him now!"

"Be quiet," returned Missy, pettishly, giving Baby Bunting a slap. "I'm thinking, and you bother me!"

"Missy ——"

Missy wriggled.

"Are you thinking about the Dempster baby, Missy?"

Missy nodded dreamily, a seraphic expression spreading over her fair countenance.

"And of how we can wake it out of its angelic repose. Oh,

Missy, are you really and truly thinking of how we can do that?"

Missy looked into Baby Bunting's eyes. Baby Bunting looked into Missy's eyes.

"Hah struts along with his podgy thumbs in his fat waistcoat pockets and tries to coo at it, Missy," cried Baby Bunting in an ecstatic whisper. "He sounds like the pig did when it was killed last year, you remember? and so does Mrs. Hah. Oh look! There she goes! She's going to Hah!"

A stout, smartly dressed, flour-faced, amiable-looking lady rose from a tea-table in the general rising that was taking place in the hall below, and approached the gentleman briefly designated as "Hah" by Baby Bunting. A fat simper lay on her, face as she placed her hand on his shoulder; a flabby smile overspread his.

"They are going to watch their baby eat its tea?" said Baby Bunting, in tones of deepest interest. "They always go off like this after tea. Missy, it eats quarts and quarts of bread and milk—I heard one of the nursemaids here tell another—quarts of bread and milk! And when its not eating its sucking its thumb, and it never does anything else but stare with its big, goggle, Hah-like eyes. Missy, I think most babies are really nice, don't you, and some are really scrumptious! But the Hah baby isn't a proper baby, it's a—a monstrosity!"

Missy returned no answer. The sweetmeats and biscuits were all eaten up; and the company below was dispersed or dispersing. Moreover, Hah and Mrs. Hah were already on the first stair that led towards their retreat. Missy rose.

"Let us fly, Baby Bunting," she said, in a dramatic whisper, holding out her hand. Baby Bunting clasped it in his own. There was the swift rush of two little pairs of feet, and the gallery was suddenly deserted. The devoted Dempster couple came heavily up the stairs, brimming over with anticipatory satisfaction and delight.

Missy pulled Baby Bunting to an abrupt halt, in an ambush some four feet from the fond parents.

"Stop," gasped Missy, imperiously. "I'm going to ask if I may come with them and see the monster fed."

Baby Bunting chuckled. "I'll come with you?" he panted in his turn. "You'll think of a boa-constrictor eating, Missy, you can't help it. It sucks down masses of food—I've seen it!"

The demureness of the children as they proposed their attendance on the Dempster baby's meal was only exceeded by Baby Bunting's suave self-possession in introducing Missy, the latest arrival, to his aunt's guests, and Missy's own gracious deportment over the ceremony. Hah and Mrs. Hah—or rather, to give them their proper names and titles, Sir John and Lady Dempster—were delighted at the signs of grace exhibited at so early an age in the pair. Ever since the birth of the baby, fourteen months ago, Lady Dempster had been gradually but surely awakening to the conviction that her friends were more frivolously minded and less domesticated than she could have ever believed possible; they took so little interest in that same baby! Sir John attributed it to three causes: the stolid nature of the British man; the giddy disposition of the British woman; and envy!

It was evident to Sir John and his lady that Baby Bunting and Missy had souls above the ordinary soul that is allotted to individual man. He thawed on the spot—for he always froze in the presence of strange children, and Missy's loveliness had not melted him until her modest request was proffered—and told Missy anecdotes of the baby all the way from the gallery to the nursery wing. Lady Dempster did the same to her companion, Baby Bunting. They compared notes afterwards, Missy retailing her stock in a perfect mimicry of Sir John's oily voice; Baby Bunting reproducing Lady Dempster's own peculiar falsetto in his narration. There were fifty-seven anec-

dotes altogether, and Sir John promised Missy she should hear some more to-morrow, "if she were a good little girlie!"

It was *then* that Missy breathed vengeance, darkly, in her heart!

CHAPTER II.

"IT can't be done, Baby Bunting," said Missy.

"What! No plan can't?" asked Baby Bunting, forgetting grammar in his consternation.

"There's lots of plans, stupid," returned Missy, "but we cannot wake up that Dempster lump if we had a million!"

Baby Bunting's face fell lower still. If Missy could find no way in which to set the machinery in motion that would cause a sign of natural liveliness to appear in those placid pounds of flesh they called the Dempster baby, then farewell to all entertainment in that direction!

"Can nothing wake it up, to make it like other babies, Missy?" asked Baby Bunting, wistfully.

"I do not believe," said Missy, impressively, "if we boiled that baby, Baby Bunting, it would do anything but stare at nothing out of its goggle eyes, and suck its fat thumbs, and smile its suety smile, and not turn a hair—not turn a hair!"

"We wouldn't want to hurt it not on any account," murmured Baby Bunting. "I will tell you, Missy, I've almost got to be fond of it, watching it, and thinking how to make it alive. But, oh, Missy, if boiling——"

"Boiling," broke in Missy, vigorously. "You might as well bake it, or stew it in a saucepan! It would come out fat, smiling suet at the end!"

"But, Missy——"

"Oh, how you bother me, Baby Bunting," said Missy, pettishly. "How can I think when you chatter, chatter, chatter in my ear!"

Baby Bunting and Missy were on a tour of inspection in the

park, in front of Beauchamp House. It was Cyril Beauchamp's birthday, and a large tenants' supper was to be supplemented by a display of fireworks in the evening. Workmen were already engaged in fixing mysterious and fascinating looking frames among the trees just facing the long row of windows in the eastern side of the house ; and Baby Bunting and Missy, naturally, were interested in the proceedings. The ball that was to take place on the morrow—the day after that most interesting birthday—failed to appeal to their hearts as strongly as some other festivities of the week. It is true the ices would redeem the occasion from utter boredom ; but they were depressed by the fact that they were not going to be allowed to sit down to supper, somewhere about midnight, with the other guests.

Fireworks Baby Bunting and Missy were very fond of ; especially they delighted in letting them off themselves. This also was to be a forbidden treat to them, for most of the fireworks were set pieces, and required the manipulation of experienced and skilful hands. But they lived in hope that this stern and cruel decree would be reversed within the next twelve hours. Meanwhile, they wandered, disconsolately enough, among the firework frames, and, hindering the workmen to the verge of insanity, took but a languid interest in their unappreciated efforts to forward the work in hand.

“Baby Bunting !”

It was Missy's voice in his ear ! Baby Bunting dropped an intricate, wheel-like object, that was designed to turn into a sheaf of corn, spouting jewels later in the day, and turned hastily. Missy's lovely face was scarlet ; her eyes sparkled. She held out her little hand.

“I have—an idea,” whispered Missy, in jerks, as they raced, hand in hand, towards the house. “Baby—Bunting—we cannot—wake up the—Dempster baby—but we can—do something else !”

A small, round laurel bush, at the end of one of the lawns,

was Missy's and Baby Bunting's favourite, outdoor retreat, at Beauchamp House. This bush had a leafy, impenetrable exterior, but was hollow within, and, save for two small stumps cut out of the framework of the tree itself, was entirely empty. Missy and Baby Bunting dived, head first, through the opening only known to their two selves ; and squatting on their primitive chairs, like two squirrels on the alert for approach or sign of intruders, held sweet and delicious converse for the space of five delirious minutes. Missy did the talking ; she spoke rapidly, with characteristic gesture, her red mouth applied to Baby Bunting's small, pink ear. His eyes grew brighter and brighter; hers shone like stars. He nodded, ecstatically, at short intervals.

Then Missy drew breath, and they looked at each other. Their hands met again in a quick, tight squeeze. The plan would work !

"It was those old cross-patches hanging up the fireworks made me think of it! It is as-tonishingly curious how things do come from things," added Missy, dreamily. "Now, Baby Bunting, wake up! What have we got to do—to begin?"

"First to buy the things, and then get them to let us go out of doors for the fireworks," replied Baby Bunting, promptly. As I have said, his was the busily practical brain that resolved plan into achievement.

Missy ruminated, sucking a stray lock of long, silken hair.

"Is it expensive, Missy, the—"

Missy's hand clapped over Baby Bunting's mouth enforced sudden silence on him. "Hush! The enemy are lurking round, most likely," she said, hastily, in an impressive whisper ; "lurking and waiting to snap up our secrets. If they should hear you say the name of it they might suspect. Call it the stuff,' Baby Bunting."

They grinned in simultaneous concord. Baby Bunting's eyes sparkled still more.

"How much will it—the stuff, cost, Missy?" he asked anxiously. "I have only ten shillings left of what grandpapa gave me. I don't know how much it costs! Pounds and pounds, most likely!"

"Ugh!" returned Missy, with a contemptuous toss of her head. She had no money herself, having already spent her five sovereigns bestowed on her by the Admiral as a mark of his sincere homage and attachment. Missy had bought a valuable little bull-pup of one of the under-grooms with her gift of gold; and then had got disgusted with it less than twenty-four hours after, because she said it reminded her of the Dempster baby. And there certainly was a resemblance in the eyes, only the puppy had all the intelligence. So Missy gave her purchase to a little Eton man staying in the house—a fifteen-year-old cousin of Baby Bunting's; and had won his undying veneration and respect by that same indifferent generosity of hers.

"How much, Missy?" persisted Baby Bunting, with growing anxiety; "how much will it—the stuff, cost?"

"Oh, never mind," said Missy, in her lordly, offhand way. "We can borrow if it comes to more than ten shillings. I don't believe it will, either. Fork out!"

Baby Bunting forked out. He always carried his money about with him in a little chamois leather bag, under his shirt, because, as he said, you might any minute see something you wanted to buy, and then it would be a most awful pity if you had to go without just simply through not having your money on the spot.

One anxious cloud had showed at intervals on Baby Bunting's brow ever since the revealing of the plan. It eclipsed the radiance on his face as Missy rose to leave their retreat for immediate action.

"Oh, Missy, stop, just one second!" said Baby Bunting, wistfully. Then, "Tell me, Missy, it won't hurt the Dempster baby possibly, will it?"

Baby Bunting's honest, anxious eyes, appealed to Missy to say "No." He had implicit faith in her judgment on such vital matters. Missy's negation came from her heart.

"Why, I believe it will do it good, Baby Bunting!"

"So do I," returned Baby Bunting, thoroughly reassured. "And I know it will like it. Missy, I've really got to like that baby! I feel a pleasure—a sort of gladness—like looking forward to giving presents, in doing it for the baby's sake as well as for ours. Oh, Missy! If it could only understand it thoroughly, how it would enjoy it too!"

"I'm thinking of Hah," said Missy, with a chuckle; "and of Mrs. Hah. I'm not thinking how the baby will like it; for I don't believe it's got the sense to like anything—suet can't like! and its all suet. But think of how Hah and Mrs. Hah will look, Baby Bunting."

"Oh, Missy!"

"When?—"

"Yes!"

"When they see it in its glory!"

"Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha!"

The two conspirators crept out of the laurel bush. "In the name of Heaven, child!" said Missy, sharply, "don't look so es'cited! People will guess we've got a plan on!"

Baby Bunting worked his roseate face into a faithful imitation of Missy's own calmly guileless countenance.

"To get the stuff, Missy?—"

"We must find out who's going to the town, of course! Well, Baby Bunting, somebody must be going. By Jove! (I regret to say that Missy occasionally used, in moments of excitement, exclamations not at all befitting her sex and her age.) "By Jove!" said Missy, darting forward, "there goes a dog-cart! Come, Baby Bunting!"

Baby Bunting flung himself down the path, towards the drive. Missy's short silken petticoats, her scarlet sash, her long golden hair, her shining shoes, flashed ahead in the sunshine. They hallooed, and I pulled up the horse at the top of the drive. As Fate ordained, I was just starting for the little town a few miles beyond Beauchamp House. I had stopped at the first sight of the two little flying figures; but I had my misgivings. They were not lessened as the pair drew near. Missy's face was so angelically innocent, her manner so guileless. She blew me a kiss from afar; and misgiving, on my part, deepened into suspicion. Missy knew I adored her from a hopeless distance, and did not fail to take advantage of her knowledge.

"Ten shillings' worth," said Missy. She had made her request that I would buy her and Baby Bunting the particular commodity that their hearts were set upon. "You can get it at any grocer's; and if they don't sell such small quantities," she added, lordly, "tell them to put it down to my name."

"No, to my name," corrected Baby Bunting. He smiled up at me sweetly. But I hesitated to take the half-sovereign Missy held out in her little brown hand. She had mounted to the steps of my dog-cart, and hung on there, deaf and dumb to my remonstrances and warnings of the horse's freshness. She smiled at me. Missy's smiles were irresistible, and she knew it; but I turned my head away.

"What do you want it for?" I asked, magisterially, praying meanwhile that the horse, who was exhibiting signs of impatience, would restrain himself from active hostilities until Missy either chose to dismount or settle into the seat by my side.

"For a secret," said Missy, softly, with a world of reproach in her great serious eyes. "Oh, you wouldn't want to pry into a secret I know!"

Missy's emphasis was flattering, but not reassuring.

"Well, does Lady Winstanton know you are going to get it, Missy?" I asked.

"No," said Missy, with insinuating frankness; "not know, you know—but——"

"But we are going to tell her we've got it, straightaway," cried Baby Bunting quickly; he was nimbly mounting the step the other side of the cart. He did not like to be left out of any conversation, especially one that concerned him so closely.

"Straightaway," echoed Missy, exchanging a swift look with Baby Bunting as his head appeared above the footboard. "In fact, when we have seen you safely off the premises, we are going off to tell her."

"Honest Injun, Missy?"

"Honest Injun—there, Sir!"

"But what are you going to tell?"

"Why, that you've gone and bought it us, of course! Well, some men are dense!"

This was one of Missy's dramatic asides. Her face, when it was turned again to me, was wreathed in smiles. In fact, with Missy smiling insinuatingly on one side, and Baby Bunting smiling reassuringly on the other, refusal was impossible. There was nothing for it but to pocket that half-sovereign, and promise I would make that purchase they desired of me. For all that, my misgivings were not laid to rest. I had little knowledge of what sort of stuff that purchase might be, never having come into actual contact with it that I remembered. And I also knew that though Missy and Baby Bunting—having once said they were going to tell Lady Winstanton what manner of thing they were going to smuggle into Beauchamp House—would be faithful to their word, they were not going to tell her with what object they had made their singular purchase: or I had failed to read that swift look shot across my dog-cart!

"Is it quite safe stuff, Missy?" I asked, having apprehensively watched Missy and Baby Bunting reach ground safely, after a long, purposely lingering descent. "It's not poison, is it?"

Missy shook her long hair mischievously. "Poison! Oh, you silly boy! (I was Missy's senior by about twenty years.) Why it's as harmless as—"

"As the Dempster baby," put in Baby Bunting. I heard two little short giggles.

Missy blew me several kisses as I drove off. This extreme mark of her favour was as highly gratifying as the burden of her confidential request was heavy. But I reflected that with the extension of her confidence to the lady of the house the responsibility of that purchase would be removed to shoulders whereon it would rest more easily. If Baby Bunting's aunt considered that danger lurked in the stuff, in Missy's and Baby Bunting's ingenious hands, she would not hesitate to confiscate it. Reconsidering Missy's and Baby Bunting's faithful word, my mind was at peace again.

Having seen me safely off the premises, the children's next care was to gain that coveted permission to be out of doors at the display of fireworks, without which the successful working of her plan was impossible. Of course, on a day so momentous in the Beauchamp House annals as the coming of age birthday of its heir, it was natural that the head of the Beauchamp family should be occupied with interests and considerations of vital importance. In spite, however, of the many claims upon the Admiral's attention and time this day, Missy and Baby Bunting contrived to insinuate their personalities upon that time and attention of his to the extent of a full and free audience. It was held in the Admiral's own room, about eleven in the forenoon, shortly after they had seen me drive out, and when they had succeeded in wresting from Lady Winstanton (who had other things to attend to this day than Missy and Baby Bunting's vagaries) a half mystified, half amused, but wholly absent minded permission to have the stuff, provided they did not mess their clothes with it.

Missy knocked boldly at the Admiral's door, because, as she

told Baby Bunting, it was no use doing these things by halves. If you are going to disturb someone (and that one a revered relation) who would, you have no doubt, be gladder of your room than your company, and disturb him on a day when the most calm-minded of devoted grandparents might naturally be expected to be more than a little excited—you might as well disturb him thoroughly as not. Such were Missy's views, which she communicated to Baby Bunting more by gesture and action than by the actual words as given above. So Missy knocked, firmly and loudly. Beauchamp House doors are old and solid : and Missy's knuckles, though strong in warfare, were small. There was no response, and no check to the tantalising murmur and buzz of conversation the other side of the oaken door. Baby Bunting brought his walking stick into play on the lowest panel. He could not reach to the higher. Missy made a grab at the stick, and produced therefrom, on the same panel, sounds somewhat like those which a small battering ram would produce. There was a sharp cessation of the conversation, and the door opened abruptly. A tall, black-bearded gentleman smiled blandly down.

"No coercion to-day, Missy," pleaded Baby Bunting's uncle, hastily barring egress by a foot and an arm. "The Admiral and I are discussing the latest fashion in beards, and it will only bore you, as Baby Bunting has not developed his yet. Go out and fight him for a sovereign down, Missy ; we are not up to you to-day."

Missy's reply was an assault on the custodian of the Admiral's door (who was also her host for the time being). Which assault was confined, of necessity, to those two members of his before mentioned. Her attack, however, was of such a sudden and overwhelming nature, as to carry herself and Baby Bunting triumphantly through the doorway. Missy knew Lord Winstanton's "ways." She made him a low curtsey, expressive of intense satisfaction, because she had gained her point, and at

the same time nearly flattened him between the door and the wall in so doing. Baby Bunting presented arms with his walking stick, and saluted the Admiral, who was watching the carrying of his room by assault with great interest, from an armchair. As a rule, the Admiral preferred a seat in the saddle on one of his hunters to any other. But to-day, gout, having no respect for the auspicious circumstances under which this particular day dawned, had, as Missy sympathetically remarked, "collared him fast by the heels."

"Missy flung her arms round the Admiral's neck ; and Baby Bunting saw that their cause was already as good as won.

He swung himself up to one arm of his grandfather's chair, in the effective monkey fashion peculiar to himself. Missy had already perched herself on the other arm. Lord Winstanton sighed, loudly, and sat down on his chair opposite. There was a solemn pause.

"Grandpapa," said Missy, in her loud, clear tones. "Oh, Grandpapa, will you order Uncle Arthur out of the room !"

Missy, it should be remarked, always appropriated her lovers relations with the same ease and unceremoniousness that she appropriated their personal effects ! Neither the Admiral nor Lord Winstanton were related to her. The latter rose from his chair and made Missy a profound reverence. "Leave the room, Sir," said his father, with a radiant grin.

Baby Bunting was always polite to his elders, even under the most trying circumstances of Missy's example to behave otherwise. Promptness of action was another of his abiding qualities. Both characteristics received presentment at the Admiral's word of dismissal : the latter by the startlingly rapid manner in which he rolled from his perch to the floor; the former, in the courteous gesture with which he opened the door for his uncle to pass out.

Lord Winstanton laughed, and retired beaten, but good-tempered to the last. It was only natural that the Admiral

should spoil Missy ! Baby Bunting's uncle himself spoilt her, perhaps, as completely as any man alive.

"Grandpapa," said Missy—it is impossible to convey any idea of her insinuating sadness of tone now. "Grandpapa, they aren't going to allow Baby Bunting and me to go out to the fireworks to-night."

"God bless me ! You don't say so ?" replied the Admiral, hotly. He had no clear idea of the offence committed by "they"; since there was a stretch of windows, nearly a quarter of a mile long, along the face of Beauchamp House, any one of which would have afforded a full and admirable view of the firework display in question. Brought home to him, however, in Missy's voice, the enormity of it was established beyond a doubt.

"Yes, Grandpapa," continued Missy, sadly, "they are not going to let us !" And its Cyril's birthday too ; he'll never have another like this, that's the cruel part of it ! Isn't it a shame ?"

"Upon my soul it is ! I never heard of such a thing !" The Admiral leapt to his feet. The gout, however, reminding him somewhat of the suddenness of its existence, after a prolonged cessation of hostilities, he sank back again with a suppressed mutter—clearly maledictory—against the weakness of human nature in general.

Missy sighed ; and Baby Bunting, whose part in these scenes was understood to be confined to facial expression, "looked his melancholy sympathy." With him, however, the mood was invariably a natural accompaniment of his expression. It was Missy alone who assumed *rôles*.

"Grandpapa," continued Missy, speaking with soft and tender emphasis. "Oh, Grandpapa, if you asked Aunt Margaret if we might go out, she wouldn't refuse *you*."

Lady Winstanton was the Admiral's favourite daughter-in-law. Missy called her "Aunt Margaret," because she was Baby Bunting's uncle's wife !

"It isn't as if we were mere infants," argued Missy, with plaintive coaxingness, smoothing the Admiral's silken silver moustache with her fairy fingers, and occasionally applying her scarlet lips thereon—a double operation that appeared to delight the Admiral immensely—"for Baby Bunting and I can be trusted not to catch cold, or cry when the rockets go off, or get trodden on under foot. We are not babies! They seem to think we are."

"You see," further explained Baby Bunting, lifting rapt earnest eyes to his grandfather, "that is what makes it so hard! All the boys are going to go out and help to let off. Now Missy and I don't even ask to be allowed to do that! All we implore is that we shall not be treated as little, little children!"

"Oh, Grandpapa," chimed in Missy, "say you will ask auntie? If you hammer it into her that it is perfectly, perfectly safe, and proper, and warm, she will let us go out. And I'll swear—we will both swear, honest Injun, on a Bible, not to touch the fireworks themselves, or get blown up!"

"Don't say another word," shouted the Admiral, rising to his feet a second time; and now with caution, lest the enemy should again seize him, all in a breath. "God bless my soul. Go out and see the fireworks? Of course you shall! Baby Bunting, my stick, Sir! Margaret must be told of this, this minute!"

"And I think, Grandpapa—Oh! Baby Bunting and I will help you to auntie's room! She's in there, chattering with a lot of women. I think, Grandpapa, we won't go inside. We'll wait outside. We have bothered her once already this morning about something we wanted. Seeing us might—might—might prejudice her not to give leave. Baby Bunting, open the door, slow-coach! Grandpapa, lean on my shoulder and Baby Bunting's! Oh, Grandpapa! I think you are not only the handsomest man of my acquaintance, but you're the nicest! If you weren't already married, Grandpapa," concluded Missy, directing at Baby Bunting the cold, brazen stare that so often accompanied

her lesser cruelties to her lovers, "I would marry you on the spot! I love you, Grandpapa!"

Taking into consideration the fact of the Admiral's zeal in the matter, Lady Winstanton, indulgently, weakly some thought, granted his request on the children's behalf. They waited in the corridor outside for the verdict; and during the few minutes that elapsed between the time they conducted him to the threshold of Lady Winstanton's boudoir and the moment when his genial, handsome old head appeared again in the doorway, Missy started out to pick no less than six quarrels with Baby Bunting.

Suspense had the effect of making her cross. Baby Bunting waited with the philosophical resignation that characterised his customary habit of thought. Five out of Missy's six attempts to start a quarrel with him were due to the fact that he would not be drawn into the first. She was on the verge of a seventh, and still more violent one, when Lady Winstanton's boudoir door opened.

The Admiral nodded and laughed in the doorway. He appeared singularly pleased over his achievement as a special pleader. Missy and Baby Bunting clasped hands ecstatically. With the permission assured, the last obstacle to the success of the plan was swept away!

"Oh, Grandpapa, you are an Angel!" cried Missy, adoringly. "I'll remember you in my prayers, to-night, if I don't forget to say them!"

Baby Bunting shook his grandfather warmly by the hand. "You are a brick, Grandpapa," he shouted. "A grand old English brick!"

"We'll go straight off and drink your health now, this instant," said Missy. "We're thirsty, and we are going to ask Stephens if he'll be kind enough to give us something to drink." (That meant they were going to bully the butler into making them some iced shandygaff!) "I shall fill my glass to the

brim, Grandpapa, and propose your health with three times three!"

Missy and Baby Bunting, having taken the pantry by storm, retired to the passage outside, and held aloft, each, a glass brimming over with golden, foaming liquid. The butler was distinctly cross. Nevertheless, he lingered in the doorway.

"To the Admiral, all hail!" began Missy, boldly.

"Honour and glory!" chanted Baby Bunting in solemn unison.

"May his shadow," sang Missy loudly, waving her filled-up glass impressively around—"his shadow never grow less!"

"And may his enemies howl in anguish and confusion for ev—er—more!"

"The Admiral!"

"The Admiral!"

"God bless him!"

Missy and Baby Bunting touched glasses, applied them to their lips, and drank off the contents, slowly, deeply, and long, down to the last lingering drop. They had invented this toast to meet circumstances like the present. There was a sharp, sudden pause. Then, by a simultaneous inspiration, as if moved by one spirit, they hurled their tumblers over their shoulders, shattering them on the pantry outer wall, and fled.

"So they might never be used in a less worthy cause, Stephens," explained Missy later on, when a truce to hostilities was desirable. That is to say, when Baby Bunting and Missy, in the midst of certain arduous exertions that the thoroughly successful working of the plan necessitated, became thirsty again. "But you can trust us with the glasses; we are only going to drink ourselves now, Stephens. We are not going to drink any important healths."

CHAPTER III.

DINNER at Beauchamp House was drawing to a close. Baby Bunting, who had watched the sky with anxiety all the later

part of the day, for fear that darkness should fail this night, or an undesirable moon arise, was relieved, at last, when he saw with what complete blackness night had fallen upon the world. Within the house a thousand lights burned brightly on a scene of feasting and revelry. Outside there was not the ghost of a moon, and it was a perfect firework night.

There was a grand tenants' supper at Beauchamp House, for it was the birthday night of the heir. His health was drunk with honours, and everybody, including Missy and Baby Bunting, was present at the ceremony. At the house dinner that took place shortly after the grand and universal health drinking, Cyril's health was drunk a second time. Missy and Baby Bunting were allowed to come in to dessert and assist in honouring this toast also.

As a rule, this sort of thing met with the children's most cordial approval. The frequent sipping of rare and sparkling wines, at all other times a forbidden luxury; the dessert and the sweets they could indulge in unchecked on such occasions; the noise, laughter, and talk; the glitter and the "unaccustomedness" of the feast—all these different items made up an entertainment which they enjoyed with a zest and heartiness quite out of proportion to its actual intrinsic merits as such, pure and simple. To-night, moreover, being a special night and one entirely out of the common, was distinguished for a brilliancy and *éclat* that caused it to eclipse all other functions approaching it in kind that Baby Bunting and Missy had ever had the fortune to attend in person.

Yet this night Missy and Baby Bunting were thoughtful, not to say preoccupied, in demeanour. Outwardly, perhaps, they were as impartial partakers of the general hilarity as the Admiral himself. But it would not have been difficult for a close observer to note that their spirits were far away from the actual scene of festivity.

It was Missy's and Baby Bunting's nature to take their

pleasures with a large-hearted enjoyment in the same, not often accessible to less favoured mortals in this vale of tears. It was impossible that this characteristic quality of theirs should not pervade the atmosphere round them this night also—in spite of the pressing cares of state that caused them to absorb the contents of a few dishes of marrons glacés with more outward abstraction than satisfaction. But, with it all, the occasional glances that they exchanged with each other across the table were more charged with suppressed, rapturous anticipation, than they were appreciative of the present situation.

Fortunately for them, however, nobody took any notice of these sinister signs of impending villainy, as shadowed forth by their significant glances and that occasional preoccupation of mood. Dinner drew slowly to a harmonious and perfectly successful close. In due course Lady Winstanton rose from the table. Baby Bunting and Missy rose likewise, with the other ladies. Lady Dempster, according to invariable custom, went up to pay a visit to her night nursery, to see if the Dempster hope and joy were in the same healthy and thriving condition as that in which she had left it an hour or two previously.

Missy and Baby Bunting offered themselves as companions. Missy's face wore its most angelically innocent and tender look. Baby Bunting's expression was a mixture of solemn interest and rapture not easily described. Lady Dempster appreciated their sympathetic attitude, and was moved to relate several entirely new anecdotes of the baby. These brought up the list to 752 that the children had jointly or severally heard. She had a soft, sweet, foolish giggle, which she used largely in narration. Baby Bunting imitated it to perfection.

Asleep the Dempster baby did not look so very unlike other babies, except in size. It lay in an enormous cot, which it completely filled. Its nurse was stitching rosettes on a bonnet in which the heads of two ordinary infants could have rested, side by side, with ease and comfort. A fire and a little lamp

vied with each other in burning brightly. Altogether the scene was as pleasant and cheerful a baby-scene as anyone could have wished to see.

Missy and Baby Bunting, who had a fearful genius for "discovering" things, had found out that the Dempster baby's nurse—who was old enough to have known better!—had a habit of scuttling off duty, for a few minutes' relaxation, in the servants' hall. They knew, with that certainty of calculation that distinguishes only the true and very greatest conspirators, that to-night, in view of the fireworks and the good cheer below stairs, the Dempster baby would lie unguarded for at least an hour.

Nor was their knowledge at fault. After politely escorting Lady Dempster to the drawing-room door they retired to an ambush in certain "back" regions of the house, and in a few moments had the satisfaction to see the Dempster baby's nurse slipping stealthily downstairs. Missy chuckled, and seized Baby Bunting by the hair. Baby Bunting's head was covered with soft, black down, like that of a baby chicken's. Though pleasant to touch, it was not easy to hold. Missy had the knack of it, however, and they were half-way up the staircase that the nurse had just run down before her grip on him relaxed.

Five minutes later two small cloaked figures crept stealthily into the Dempster baby's sleeping apartment. In addition to the cloaks, Missy wore a scarlet tam-o'-shanter, Baby Bunting a diminutive forage cap. He was trembling from head to foot with suppressed excitement and suspense. Missy's movements were fierce, and rapid, and free, like her speech. She spoke in whispers. Baby Bunting was inarticulate, through a variety of emotions.

Missy shook her fist at him at short intervals. "Don't you dare breathe, Baby Bunting," she hissed excitedly over her shoulder. She took the lead, naturally, in a movement like the present. "If you begin to giggle, Baby Bunting," she jerked back as a final admonition, "I'll—I'll kick you!"

The Dempster baby was sleeping sweetly, its thumb in its mouth, its even countenance undisturbed by shadow of expression. "Humph," we'll make you *look* alive, Pudding, even if you can't *feel* alive," Missy said, advancing softly, as she thus apostrophised the sleeping cherub.

Baby Bunting emitted an hysterical giggle. I regret to say that Missy kicked him then and there. Then, without more delay, they proceeded briskly to business.

The deft, assured womanliness of Missy's fingers, as she plucked the Dempster baby out of its nest, was more than set off by the expression of agonised doubt on Baby Bunting's face during the operation—an expression due to his lively fears lest the baby should wake up under Missy's handling. "Oh, if it should take it into its head to wake up and cry this night of all others," he sighed once, "we are undone."

Missy sank heavily into a chair, the Dempster baby closely clasped to her breast. She was no weakling, but the Dempster baby's weight was overpowering.

Baby Bunting advanced swiftly; his arms were full of a motley collection of wraps and clothes. Missy stamped her foot at him, and he shot them all in a heap to the ground.

"Quick, stupid!" hissed Missy, thrusting out one fierce, little hand, and supporting the baby on her lap with the other. "That first! No, not that; the white petticoat, you duffer! Then that; and look sharp with the next!"

The baby, as Missy abstracted it from its cot, was lightly and simply clad in a frilled nightcap and a long nightgown. Missy considered it waste of time to divest it of this last garment, and started dressing it, on the top of the nightgown, with the clothes that Baby Bunting selected, at her bidding, from the heap on the floor. Yards of nightgown hung out beneath various short woollen and flannel petticoats! Missy's deftness and handiness over the arrangement of these and the other garments she tied, hooked, or buttoned on the Dempster baby, were on a par with

her entire treatment of that baby. Baby Bunting hovered around, in an awe too great for speech.

Missy buttoned a remarkable sleeveless sort of jacket round the baby's body, with a cleverness and familiarity that a monthly nurse might have admired.

"Oh, if it should cry as we carry it downstairs, Missy," sighed Baby Bunting, breaking into speech again, after a few breathless minutes of silence.

"Idiot!" returned Missy, pleasantly, tying another petticoat on the inanimate bundle in her lap. "Have you ever heard this lump of suet make a sound, except a fat gurgle when it sees its food?"

"Well, you can't ever 'pend on a live thing, especially if it's a baby," sighed Baby Bunting, with a careworn look.

"If it should cry, silly," said Missy, shaking the sleeping infant into a second sleeveless jacket in a peculiarly soft, motherly way, that disturbed it no more than their lightest chatter did. "If it should cry, and somebody heard, I'd have a cloak over it, anyhow; and I'd say it was a baby pig I'd brought in to dress, and was carrying out quick, 'cause it squealed. I did bring a pig in once to lie in my doll's cradle! They wouldn't guess! Besides it won't cry, don't I tell you!"

"But Missy ——"

"Oh, Baby Bunting, you will worry me to death with your chatter! Like as not we'll never get out in time! Hand me up that bonnet!"

"Don't—don't let it catch cold," said Baby Bunting, imploringly. "Let's rather be late and miss some of the fireworks sooner than put too few clothes on it."

"Five—six petticoats," counted Missy, hurriedly, fingering the different articles in recitative. "Four vests; three jackets —my! isn't the last tight! A roller; six leggings and arm things, woolly; yes, that shawl'll fix up here, so! A comforter all round its body to tie the other things close. Well,

Baby Bunting, if you think your precious baby will catch cold now—what's that?"

"My serge tunic to put over all, 'cause it's warmer than anything!" cried Baby Bunting, triumphantly, spreading out a thick, serge tunic as he spoke.

They slipped this garment over the baby's head; it slept serenely on, through it all. Baby Bunting pulled the tunic from below; Missy pulled the Dempster baby from above. After a severe series of tugs it was adjusted to the complete satisfaction of all concerned.

"I brought it a-purpose," laughed Baby Bunting, softly. "A-purpose to pop over all! I guessed we might run short of its own petticoats and things. Oh, Missy! Is it really, really ready? But you—Oh!"

Baby Bunting stopped suddenly, gazing with an aghast look at the enormous bundle in Missy's most motherly but extremely inadequate arms. "Missy, you—you can't carry it," he stammered, in consternation so great as to pale his crimson-tipped cheeks.

Missy's eyes shot fire; she stamped her foot again. "You story!" she returned, in a choked, passionate whisper; "I can, and I mean to!"

Baby Bunting danced round in an agony of apprehension, as Missy staggered to her feet, the Dempster baby clasped to her breast. "Oh, can't I help, Missy—hold its legs or its head?" he cried, stretching up imploring hands.

"Throw—a cloak—over—us," panted Missy. "Oh, idiot! not over my mouth! There—it won't suffocate! No, you can't help to carry it, Baby Bunting, and I say so! Now go before! Creep—creep, for Heaven's sake! Oh, Baby Bunting! How your shoes creak! Take 'em off! Go before, and—look out!"

Missy shot her last, impressive whispered command with fierce emphasis. They stole out of the lighted room, softly but

heavily enough, into the dim passage. How they made their miraculous descent—Baby Bunting going first, on tiptoe, bare footed, his shoes in one hand, a second cloak to be thrown over the Dempster baby, in case of an emergency, in the other, and his heart in his mouth ; Missy staggering softly in the rear, nearly pressed to the ground by the overpowering weight of her burden, but upraised by a secret sense of possible achievement, an exultation that extended to her half agonised, half rapturous but wholly wicked eyes ; how they ran successfully the gauntlet of all the dangers that lurked, awful and unseen, at corners of passages, by doorways, and midway on flights of back stairs, when, in case of a surprise by servants, escape upwards or downwards would be impossible--all this must be left to the imagination of the reader who has followed the pair thus far. It is enough to say that they did accomplish all this ; and that, finally, they found themselves unmolested, unheard, or unseen in a little dark tool shed that they had favoured frequently of late with their presence for reasons of their own, and found themselves free at last—blissfully, rapturously *free* to work their wicked way !

Baby Bunting's little dark lantern stood on a board within the shed. Two little round tins, with the lids newly hacked off, were placed alongside. A paint brush or two lay in front. A wheelbarrow, with a chair in it, well cushioned and padded, and with a large strap attached, stood in the middle of the shed. Into this chair Missy, with Baby Bunting's help, deposited the still sleeping, unfortunate Dempster baby. But Baby Bunting, even at this last supreme hour, was not entirely reassured.

"It won't hurt it, will it Missy ? You are honest Injun, certain sure it won't, aren't you ?" he asked, hovering anxiously around, as Missy, having securely fastened the strap round the baby, and laid it back into an easy, reclining position, drew the enveloping cloak off its inanimate form, and sank into a chair.

"Oh, Baby Bunting," she said at last, looking up with a mixture of fierceness and resignation that told of the relief and

exaltation within, "you will worry me to an early tomb! No, I tell you! No, it will not hurt it—honest Injun—there!"

Thereafter they set to work, beginning by licking the brush that each seized upon after Missy's last emphatic words. The darkness without deepened; the lantern flared steadily on their rapt, shining faces, their swift, stealthy movements. There was a great silence, broken only by the baby's soft, regular breathing, and an occasional giggle from the two conspirators.

And here endeth this scene.

The curtain rises again, and the scene is the broad expanse of park facing the eastern side of Beauchamp House. The night was fresh, and though cool, neither damp nor frosty. The house-party and other visitors were assembled at windows and on the terraces. All the tenants of Beauchamp House estate were also present; and the villagers and townsfolk, for miles around, had gathered in the park to see the fireworks. Baby Bunting and Missy alone were missing. Their familiar, striking forms were not to be seen among the crowds of eager, expectant children, at the larger windows. At a great centre window sat the Admiral in all his glory, Cyril's mother on his right hand, and various small grandchildren at his feet. Baby Bunting and Missy, usually the most prominent members of his devoted body guard, were not in their ranks this night. Among the outdoor spectators on the terraces, among the tenants, and even among the firework men—as Baby Bunting called those who were entrusted with the duty of letting off the fireworks—Baby Bunting and Missy were conspicuous by their absence. It was not surprising that in the general stir and excitement their complete non-presence in any of the various centres pertaining to the firework show was uncommented upon and unnoticed. Meanwhile, there was a long, deep hush among the children. They were waiting for the fireworks to begin. Among their elders—they being, perhaps, a trifle less breathlessly interested in the coming display—the talk and laughter was at its height.

Suddenly, this too broke off in snatches, and every glance, following the direction frantically sent spinning from one to the other of the spectators, was shot to a point in the park a few paces to the right of the group round the fireworks. It was a famous oak, standing in full view of all the windows looking eastward of Beauchamp House. A moment since it had been a huge, black shadow against the blacker night behind; now, it stood up in solemn dignity, itself the background of—a face indescribable.

For how shall I describe the apparition that checked, of a sudden, the buzz of conversation and the rippling waves of laughter, issuing so gaily from a hundred open windows of Beauchamp House? That checked, with the same surprising suddenness, all the laughter and noise from that quarter of the park where the tenants and townsfolk were congregated? Out of the darkness, suspended from nothing, hanging like a round, illuminated jelly fish with human features, or a full moon set in an ebony frame, burst out a *face*. Its intense brilliancy was such as to make it visible a quarter of a mile off; every feature on that round globe of light was picked off with a clearness and brightness that was supernatural—nay, diabolical! It broke on the astounded gaze of the spectators with the spontaneous suddenness of magic, and with the unholy assurance of a witchcraft of the deadliest description.

The first sudden, momentary silence among the awestruck spectators was followed by a prolonged gasp, that was broken into by a woman's voice. It was Lady Dempster's; and truth compels me to say that its tones strongly resembled those notes produced by a pig, when it is protesting against the indignity of a nose-ring. At the moment of uttering her shriek, Lady Dempster darted from her seat, in one of the lower windows, and made a dash across the flower-beds, in the direction of the park railings. Sir John Dempster turned from pale to purple and back again to a faint pea green colour.

For it was the Dempster baby, enthroned aloft in a chair placed on a barrow, that faced with shining, sleeping countenance the horror, awe, and amazement of a thousand eyes, that supreme moment. It slept still; but Missy and Baby Bunting faint with suppressed laughter, were holding up its head erect from behind. An amiable expression lingered on its lips, as if an oyster smiled. To say that its countenance was shining can give but the slightest idea of the luminance that irradiated from the Dempster baby's face.

But the most awful circumstance connected with the apparition was its supreme isolation. The night was black as pitch, and the chair, the barrow, Missy and Baby Bunting rolling behind it in their delirium of joy, the very body of the baby itself, were shrouded in intensest gloom. Nothing in the solemn, breathless night was to be seen but that large and shining face; and that face itself was, as I have said already, indescribable.

Behind the barrow, Baby Bunting and Missy stamped, and she shrieked aloud in the ecstasy of their mirth. Baby Bunting's breath was fast failing him, owing to the violent nature of his emotions. He gasped like a fish out of water. Missy thumped him with her disengaged hand. Delirium had usurped the place commonly occupied by critical observation with the pair. Their plan had succeeded beyond the bounds of the wildest possibility!

Ah me, my pen falters here! To reveal the villainy of those one loves is ever the hardest task a faithful narrator can undertake. Missy and Baby Bunting, having schemed together to concert a plan whereby they could make, as they expressed it, "Hah's baby alive," had at last, on Missy's initiative, rejected the undertaking as impossible. It was then that Missy had conceived her plan to make the Dempster baby at least a vision of glory, and temporarily fasten on it an outward radiancy that should compensate for the lack of life within. Baby Bunting, as has been told, was made acquainted with the plan before it

had been seething five seconds in Missy's fertile brain. Together they matured it into a veritable plot.

Missy's diabolical conception was nothing less than to paint the Dempster baby's face all over with luminous paint, and exhibit it as at once a glory and a warning to the Beauchamp household. They had sent me to buy the stuff. Lady Winstanton knew of their possession thereof. Perhaps we lacked the requisite qualities of first-class conspirators that would have led us to associate evil with such harmless sounding stuff. In Missy's and Baby Bunting's hands it effected a transformation that was at once miraculous and overpowering.

There is little more to tell. The scene that ensued was less edifying than tumultuous. Half the small children present (and there must have been a few hundred, including the tenants' families) were frightened into fits on the spot. So were the bigger children, right up to the Admiral himself, who swore the oddest oath for five seconds as he clutched at Lady Winstanton, and stared steadily at the shining apparition through his eye-glasses. Lady Dempster, as has been said, precipitated herself, with many ear-piercing laments, towards the face. She and she alone recognised it as soon as it burst triumphantly out of the murky night. But Lord Winstanton had extricated the Dempster baby from its secure if embarrassingly prominent position, and was bearing swiftly down with it, housewards, long before that poor lady, after trying to remove a whole railing with her own hands, was caught up by the sympathetic ladies, including Lady Winstanton, who had flown out after her and prevented her from her blind purpose.

"Gad, Sir!" said Lord Winstanton to his father, a long time after, when it was settled that the incident should be packed away into the background of memory, as a dark blot on Missy's and Baby Bunting's career, that it was better, for the credit of the family, to ignore: "I felt deuced squeamish about handling the thing, even after I knew it was an ordinary baby of flesh and blood!"

And this was not surprising. The Dempster baby's face, illuminated by a light that was not of earth, and certainly not from above, resembled an amiable demoniac's (if such a thing be possible) more than anything else that I can liken it to. The unremitting care and attention of every woman in Beauchamp House that night, added to Missy's and Baby Bunting's own shamelessly cheerful information, anent certain other more or less filthy but extremely effective concoctions, made the Dempster baby human again. What is strange is that neither the bloom nor the velvety quality of its infant countenance was in any way impaired by the paint. That its health did not suffer goes without saying, after Missy's and Baby Bunting's extreme foresight in the matter, and the pains they took that no such untoward consequence should attend the plan.

"We wouldn't have hurt it for a million, million worlds!" cried Baby Bunting, with sparkling eyes and rapt, seraphic countenance. "We both love that baby now, Missy and I do. It's given us such fun!"

K. DOUGLAS KING.

A French Novelist in America.

MEMORY has her caprices. When I went from Washington to Baltimore, where I was to see Monsignor Gibbons, it was the image of the bygone dictator of Tours that haunted me. And this was on account of that saying* which sprang from his eloquent mouth between two puffs of a black cigar, in the small dining-room of a ground-floor apartment in the Rue Linné. I asked myself what would have happened to France if this loud-breath'd orator, who was so intellectual, so capable of adaptation and of education, had taken this journey to America, and if he had seen with his own eyes what the Catholic Church represents to-day—what democratic activity and what wide teaching she stands for when she is completely free.

The next image that imposed itself upon my memory—a strangely different one—was that of the unhappy and subtle Edgar Poe, who wrote his "Raven" half-a-century ago in that capital of Maryland whose houses are rising into view. Although the genius of this poet has come to be spoilt for me by his terrible abuse of the artificial, by the almost mechanical winding-up of all his ideas, the nature of his sensitiveness touches me still, and, even more, the misery of his destiny. I ponder upon the ever renewed mystery of the formation of human souls. The soul of the poet found its very principle of despair and of degradation in that society wherein the soul of the priest I am about to meet found full development. The spirituality of the one man was the cause of his

* *Le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi*, is obviously the saying referred to.

agony, the spirituality of the other man is the cause of his strength ; and all within the frame of the same civilisation. And yet, as I faced the first aspect of the white Baltimore and paced her streets, I felt that this was, of all American cities I yet had seen, the fittest for the wanderings of the dreamy poet. St. Charles Street, somewhat narrow, and pressed in between houses light in colour and not too tall, has a charm of intimacy. There is a measure of silence in the square wherein rises the monument to Washington. . . . The scene, less momentary, less violent, and more delicate than usual in America, harmonises with my expectation, with my approach to the Primate of the Church in the United States, such as the priests of the University of Washington described him. A few paces on the quiet pavement of this street without electric tramways or cable-cars, and there I was, before a palace as simple in style as any of the neighbouring houses. The dome of a church rises above it. It is the dwelling of Cardinal Gibbons.

His Eminence receives me in a room without luxury, decorated by portraits of famous Prelates. Those of Leo XIII. and of Cardinal Manning are engravings, and stand upon easels. Physiologically, Cardinal Gibbons is of the race of those ascetics who look as though self-denial had left them just enough flesh to answer the labours of the mind. Although he is past sixty years old, he looks less than fifty, so erect is he, and so slender and flexible of figure. I had seen him at Washington, in one of the tribunes of Congress, when he was wearing no sign of his dignities except the violet cap which was pushed to the back of his head. To-day, in his own house, he wears the black soutane with red edges—a soutane in irreproachable order, but by no means new—showing feet shod in thick-soled boots. Simplicity is impressed everywhere, upon and around this man of prayer and action. The hands that emerge from the cloth, without linen, of his sleeves are fine and thin. The face, at

once very thoughtful and very calm, is hollow and long, with a rather large nose and an upper lip that projects motionless, like that of the portrait of Erasmus in the Louvre. It is the mouth of a writer or a diplomat rather than an orator. The expression is elsewhere—in the deep line of the cheek and in the eyes, which are very light blue in a face that is almost grey. Those eyes have an admirable look, sweet yet most firm, lucid, and direct: a look of certitude. Modern psychologists have a rather barbarous yet apt word for describing characters in which all faculties are subordinate to a single central energy, to a certain faith, whether scientific or artistic, political or religious, accepted without hesitation and without return. They call such men *unified*. Seneca had already said, anticipating, by a great moral discovery, our modern theories of the mind: "If you have seen a man who is *one*, you have seen a great thing." An interior disposition is not enough to bring about such an equilibrium. There needs a very rare accord of conditions and of instincts, of surroundings and of interior impulse. Such an accord took place, in a singularly exceptional manner, in the case of the Cardinal. Telling me about his life, with the sensitive gratitude of a believer who confesses the action of Providence behind the figure of this passing world, he says: "I have had a happiness that is not common. I was born here, baptised here, I made here my First Communion; and I was ordained priest in this same Cathedral of which I am now the Archbishop." And he continues, telling me of his first visit to Rome, when he sat in the ranks of the Council of the Vatican, the youngest of the thousand Prelates gathered in that assembly. He was Bishop of South Carolina, and had been hardly five years a priest. At that time there were but forty-five Bishops in the whole of the United States. "I remember them," he continues, "arriving here for the first Assembly of Baltimore, when I was Chancellor to the Archbishop. To-day their numbers are more than doubled. So it is with conversions.

They were counted in those days. This year I have had some seven hundred, merely in this diocese, which is a very small one. *The human soul needs food*, "he adds in English, "and that food is not to be found save in Catholicity."

The Cardinal speaks very pure French, with a slight hesitation for terms. In hearing him one perceives that his words can never produce a very brilliant effect ; but they are words so free from declamation, his talent is so visibly at the bidding of a conscience enamoured of truth, every phrase betrays so constant an effort to equipoise expression and thought, without excess and without weakness, that an irresistible authority breathes from it all : as, indeed, we should expect from that gentle, firm, and decided physiognomy. Quite naturally, when he nears the ground of social questions, Monsignor Gibbons forsakes French again for English. It might seem that we should employ a foreign language with the more facility when the ideas we have to communicate are very familiar to us. But it is not so. The more we have thought on a subject, the more do our very precise conceptions exact the precision of the idiom which we have used in forming them. Perhaps we must here seek one of the reasons why so many superior men experience a singular difficulty in handling on their own account languages which they know and read perfectly.

"I have never had any influence upon the creation or organisation of the Knights of Labour," replies the Cardinal to one of my inquiries. "What I said on this subject, after my journey to Rome, is that the Church has no motive for condemning at one blow and in principle workmen's associations. I have always thought, and I continue to think, that workmen have the right of association to protect themselves against possible tyranny on the part of those who employ them. I know the dangers of these associations : strikes first of all—once united, they are so soon tempted to launch themselves upon this path, which is not good, and where they have always been broken—next, in-

tolerance and persecution in regard to their comrades who refuse to join them. In spite of these dangers, I have considered that the Church would risk the loss of too many souls, by forcing thousands of these men to choose between their faith and a society the principles of which had in themselves nothing blameworthy.

"A revolution in the United States?" he replies to another of my questions. "No, I do not believe it possible. The Americans, as has often been made a reproach to them, are first of all and above all practical men. Before dispossessing of a single dollar a millionaire—if you like, a billionaire—they would recognise that they were taking away the corner-stone of the whole edifice; and they would pause. Our workmen are very intelligent, with an intelligence very bold but very just, which makes them see the logic of ideas. They understand already, in spite of the sophistries of agitators, that to touch the property of one is to touch the property of all. When the Anarchists were condemned at Chicago, the public sentiment, manifested almost immediately after, voting in an election, was in favour of the Judge who pronounced the sentence, and against the Governor of Illinois, who had shown sympathy with the condemned men. We have not amongst us the revolutionary ferment which vexes Europe. Our workman, when he chooses to work, earns, for the most part, sufficient to live upon—two or three dollars a day. They will soon come to work everywhere only eight hours. And then they are not irreligious. There is no example of a public man professing himself an Atheist."

And upon my remarking that I had, nevertheless, met at Harvard University a great number of minds penetrated with Agnosticism :

"It is true," continued the Cardinal, "that a movement of this kind is recognisable in certain very cultivated groups. But it is confined to these groups, and Christianity remains thoroughly

vital in public and private manners. Congress is opened by prayers. The President would not address the people without pronouncing the Name of God. The Sunday rest is faithfully observed."

There is in the voice of the Archbishop an impassioned firmness, and in his eyes a warmer light, when he speaks of religious things ; and he also, like Monsignor Keane, vaunts to me the blessings of liberty.

"Our great strength," he resumes, "is in the fact that we have no relations with the State, and that it respects our independence. Under these conditions we can mix in public affairs with more efficaciousness, and for the good of all. The State aids us kindly when it is a question of police affairs. At Baltimore, for example, at the time of the last Council, the Postal Department established a special bureau for the service of the Bishops. But outside petty details of this kind, the State does not trouble itself about us. It is the public who trouble themselves about us. They come incessantly to consult us. Thus, lately, in this affair of the Louisiana Lottery, which ruined so many poor people, they begged me to write a letter to the papers. I wrote it, and I think it contributed to the cessation of that scandal. The people love us, because we are with them."

And when I interrupt him to ask if it is the same with the rich ; and if, on the other hand, he does not foresee great difficulties as a result of these enormous accumulations of fortune in so small a number of hands :

"Yes," he continues, "it is a grave problem. We must needs hope that in time we shall find a better means of distributing the common wealth. That is why I expressed to you just now my sympathy with the associations by which the workman defends himself. And I do not fear them, in spite of terrible excesses ; because our workman, I cannot too often repeat to you, is profoundly, deeply wise. To begin with, he

has himself a chance of becoming the millionaire he envies. That is seen, often. Moreover, and even without this hope, he is liberal and he is just by instinct. When a tax was proposed upon personal fortune, I had occasion to talk about it with many members of the people. I found them all opposed to this measure, and all for the same reason. They did not approve a project which led to spying and lying. They judged it inquisitorial and immoral. Yes, I have confidence in the people, and I have confidence in their love of truth. I had proof too evident of it, when I published, some years ago, a little book to show Catholicism as it is, under the title, 'Faith of our Fathers.' Two hundred and fifty thousand copies of it sold, and it was not the Catholics who bought it most."

The serious countenance of the Prelate lit up at this remembrance. I never better felt than while I was regarding that proud smile, what a difference separates the pitiful vain-glory of the professional author, counting over his thousands for the sake of vanity or gain, from the manly joy of the writer of the Faith, who gauges by the success of his book the service rendered to powerful convictions. Men of God convey these lessons, even without knowing it.

With such beneficent impression terminated this colloquy, the more general portions of which I have conceived I might usefully report. As I crossed the threshold of the Archbishop's house, I carried away the feeling of having conversed with an admirable priest. "It is indeed something," so said to me an old Father of the Holy Land, who was showing me the country of Nazareth after remarking—"I see this horizon every day, and I repeat to myself that here Our Lord passed when He was quite a child." "Yes," insisted he, "it is indeed something." Who was it then, that wrote that profound phrase, in which is summed all the sublimity of the Christian priesthood?—"God has given the priest to the world. The priest's charge is to give the world to God."

PAUL BOURGET.

Mother Church.

"**O**H, Mother ! I am hurt !" The mother turned,
 And clasped her weeping darling in her arms,
 And, with the holy balm of mother's kiss
 Healed the slight pain, and stilled her child's alarms,
 Then lulled her precious little one to rest,
 On the sure haven of her gentle breast !

Stricken upon life's battlefield we call,
 Oh, Mother true, for thee ! Thy touch, thy kiss,
 Bring healing to our wounds and soothe our fears.
 Bowed down by grief and pain, we ask but this,
 That our bruised hearts may ever find their rest,
 Mother beloved, on thy faithful breast !

Mr. Stevenson's Treasury of Womanhood.

Two Englishwomen, past their youth, were studying in the Dresden picture galleries, and they took their own holiday, at holiday time, in the orchards of "Saxon Switzerland." It was May, and they took what they called their nosebags with them, and sat and lunched among the hills. Two German lovers came along. Lovers unsequestered are in the wrong place. But these two were not. For they thought themselves alone. They were sequestered in the open house of spring by their ignorance of the fact that the two Englishwomen—art students—were looking at them. And as they came to the top of the hill the young man marked his sense of the easier path, and of the view and the breeze, by kissing the girl. "Did you see that?" whispered one of the female art students, and the other whispered, "Yes. We have got the sun and the fresh air; but I wish I had the kiss." The first female art student replied, almost with tears, "I say that I have the kiss. It is gone into the treasury of all kisses. I have my share."

Into the treasury of all generous praises have gone Robert Louis Stevenson's words on women; therefore, the fact that so very few individual women have fared very well in his books matters little. "I cannot do women. They turn to barmaids on my hands," he said to his friends. They were, therefore, not barmaids in his heart. And that they so lost their fineness in the stories is chiefly some fault of the conditions of romance. To stab a statesman, to chuck a coin through a window-pane, are acts rather romantic than well educated. They are violent,

and the woman of romance, when she is not in process of being rescued, can hardly do otherwise than commit some degree of violence. Scott avoided the difficulty by making his women very heroines of the boarding school, in open defiance of historic dates and of the evolution of manners. They all said, "This—this is ungenerous," when their unfortunate lovers had proffered their suits with something more than human forbearance and respect.

And yet there was something amiss with the women of Stevenson, beyond the conditions of romance. The fact is that we complain of all women in fiction who are not in some sense well bred, whereas we make no equivalent demand in regard to the men. Ladies would be much out of place among the men of whom we read with infinitely various interest and pleasure. We take women more seriously. The good girl in "The Wrecker," whom Pinkerton marries with that most memorable marriage, is vulgarly unjust and illiberal, and the reader is inclined to complain; whereas the same reader likes the simple Pinkerton none the less for being very unlike a man of honour. But Stevenson, it is true, followed Thackeray in making a good woman to be much more the opposite of a gentleman than he would ever make a tolerable man.

This master, who read so much, caught life by surprise in his men, but in his women he rather gave new life to a tradition of his authors. It is surely by tradition that he makes Catriona less sensitive than David in matters of honour, especially in regard to breaking the seal of that letter. And when he is not thus refining upon a tradition—and when did he touch anything common or habitual that he did not refresh?—he seems to have been rather unlucky in his observation and in his incidents. The girls in the "Inland Voyage," for instance, with their open-mouthed laugh and their "country provocation," are examples of the merely encountered and haphazard women of his wayside; so is the fighting wife in "The Guitar"—a vulgar and un-

generous person whom one angrily perceives to be presented as very woman, and especially as very wife.

But that there was indeed no barmaid in his heart when the barmaid was thus on his hands needs no proof; and proof perhaps would not be easy, unless it might be found in the single figure of Olalla, or in that of the lady in "The Pavilion on the Links." But there is a sign, surer than any proof to be found among heroines; it is the sign given by things that are, as it were, overheard. After the dull railway journey "Across the Plains," and through the duller regions of ignoble mountains that had no woods or waters and no dignity of form in their stones, the train of Stevenson's travel comes at dawn to the land that dips towards the Pacific, a land of streams and the sweetened air of vegetation: "It was," he cries, "like meeting one's wife!" Again, at the end of the night among the pines, in the "Travels with a Donkey," which is a night added to the nights of a reader's life: "Even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. . . . To live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free." Such things as these go "into the treasury," as the spinster would have said; and with them are innumerable passages. This is one: "I will tell you my one secret," says Prince Otto to the Countess von Rosen. "I will tell you my one secret. I love my wife." And this is the reply, the rewarding reply, which is of his own making: "If all men were like you, it would be worth while to be a woman."

Into the treasury also goes, for the love of all nurses, the first thanks of authorship to a nurse—Stevenson's dedication to "My Second Mother, my first wife." And other women have received the noble dedications inspired by noble gratitude in other forms. To Mrs. de Mattos, his cousin, were written, in this shape, the loveliest of all his lines; and to the widow of Sir Henry Taylor he said, in the dedication of "Merry Men": "To your name, if I wrote on brass, I could add nothing. It

has been already written higher than I could dream to reach, by a strong and a dear hand; and if I now dedicate to you these tales, it is not as the writer who brings his work, but as the friend who would remind you of his affection." And who has forgotten the gay address: "Critic on the Hearth," in the "Black Arrow"? "I have watched with interest, with pain, and at length with amusement, your unavailing attempts to peruse the 'Black Arrow'; and I think I should lack humour indeed if I let the occasion slip and did not place your name in the fly-leaf of the only book of mine that you have never read—and never will read."

Robert Louis Stevenson's friendship with Lady Taylor was one of the latest deep friendships he made before his final farewell to England. Spiritual and humorous, she in her later years, who had known Wordsworth in her earlier, and Stevenson, who belonged to the generation of her children, recognised one another without loss of time. Their friendship made his stay at Bournemouth most pleasant; it was shared, and was continued after her lamented death, by her daughters.

Stevenson's children are not so much children of fiction as memories, full of time, distance, and change, of his own childhood. It is, in a sense, his boyhood that he wrote of, whether in "A Child's Garden of Verses," or in his books of adventure. There is in them all the simplicity of character and the enterprise in day-dreams of a living boy. None but a delicate child, to whom the wonderful length of childhood had been lengthened by sleepless nights, and by the light borderland of delirium which is so common with sick children at night, could have so possessed as he did a child's sense of fear and of the past. If he did not possess it all his life, he always remembered possessing it. He always remembered the quality of a child's dreams. And thus his genius had its most mysterious inspirations under the hands of a nurse.

"I am loving the smell of that place and the roots that grow

there," says Catriona. That, too, is a memory of childhood, and to retain such memories is to be in touch with all that is conceivable of antiquity. Modern, modern is the adult conception of Ur of the Chaldees and of Troy, compared with a child's apprehension of the earth and the roots that he smelt so close when he was near them. To have smelt them so at three years old, and to remember it at nine years old—that is, indeed, to conceive time and to perceive nature.

Watched by his nurse the child stirred in his painful visions, or sweetly dreamt "of the hills of sheep." Women who have watched his dreams, not like Alison Cunningham at his bedside guarding the "infant life"—women who have watched his later dreams from afar off, are glad to believe they, too, had their share in that nursing. Woman has had no dearer nurseling.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Waterton's Wanderings.

MR. CHARLES WATERTON was a Catholic gentleman of Yorkshire, of good fortune, who, instead of passing time at balls in Begravia, preferred to pass it with Indians and monkeys in the forests of Guiana. He appears in early life to have been seized with an unconquerable aversion to Piccadilly, and to that train of meteorological questions and answers which forms the great staple of polite English conversation. From a dislike to the regular form of a journal, he throws his travels into detached pieces, which he calls wanderings--and of which we shall proceed to give some account.

His first wandering was in the year 1812, through the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo, a part of *ci-devant* Dutch Guiana, in South America. The sun exhausted him by day, the mosquitoes bit him by night ; but on went Mr. Charles Waterton. The first thing which strikes us in this extraordinary chronicle, is the genuine zeal and inexhaustible delight with which all the barbarous countries he visits are described. He seems to love the forests, the tigers, and the apes—to be rejoiced that he is the only man there ; that he has left his species far away ; and is at last in the midst of his blessed baboons. He writes with a considerable degree of force and vigour ; and contrives to infuse into his reader that admiration of the great works, and undisturbed scenes of nature, which animates his style, and has influenced his life and practice.

Mr. Waterton complains that the trees of Guiana are not more than six yards in circumference—a magnitude in trees

which it is not easy for a Scotch imagination to reach. Among these, pre-eminent in height rises the mora—upon whose top branches, when naked by age, or dried by accident, is perched the Toucan, too high for the gun of the fowler—around this are the green heart, famous for hardness; the tough hackea; the ducalabali, surpassing mahogany; the ebony and letter-wood, exceeding the most beautiful woods of the Old World; the locust tree, yielding copal; and the hayawa and olou trees, furnishing sweet-smelling resin. Upon the top of the mora grows the fig tree. The bush-rope joins tree and tree, so as to render the forest impervious, as, descending from on high, it takes root as soon as its extremity touches the ground, and appears like shrouds and stays supporting the mainmast of a line of battle ship.

Demerara yields to no country in the world in her birds. The mud is flaming with the scarlet curlew. At sunset, the pelicans return from the sea to the courada trees. Among the flowers are the humming birds. The columbine, gallinaceous, and passerine tribes people the fruit trees. At the close of day, the vampires, or winged bats, suck the blood of the traveller, and cool him by the flap of their wings. Nor has Nature forgotten to amuse herself here in the composition of snakes—the camoudi has been killed from thirty to forty feet long; he does not act by venom, but by size and convolution. The Spaniards affirm that he grows to the length of eighty feet, and that he will swallow a bull; but Spaniards love the superlative. There is a *whipsnake* of a beautiful green. The labarri snake of a dirty brown, who kills you in a few minutes. Every lovely colour under Heaven is lavished upon the counachouchi, the most venomous of reptiles, and known by the name of the *bush master*. Man and beast, says Mr. Waterton, fly before him, and allow him to pursue an undisputed path.

The following is a description of the various sounds in these wild regions :

"He whose eye can distinguish the various beauties of uncultivated nature, and whose ear is not shut to the wild sounds in the woods, will be delighted in passing up the river Demerara. Every now and then, the maam or tinamou sends forth one long and plaintive whistle from the depth of the forest, and then stops; whilst the yelping of the toucan, and the shrill voice of the bird called pi-pi-yo, is heard during the interval. The campanero never fails to attract the attention of a passenger; at a distance of nearly three miles, you may hear this snow-white bird tolling every four or five minutes, like the distant convent bell. From six to nine in the morning the forests resound with the mingled cries and strains of the feathered race; after this, they gradually die away. From eleven to three all nature is hushed as in a midnight silence, and scarce a note is heard, saving that of the campanero and the pi-pi-yo; it is then that, oppressed by the solar heat, the birds retire to the thickest shade, and wait for the refreshing cool of evening. At sundown the vampires, bats, and goat-suckers dart from their lonely retreat, and skim along the trees on the river's bank. The different kinds of frogs almost stun the ear with their hoarse and hollow sounding croaking, while the owls and goat-suckers lament and mourn all night long. About two hours before daybreak you will hear the red monkey moaning as though in deep distress; the houtou, a solitary bird, and only found in the thickest recesses of the forest, distinctly articulates, 'houtou, houtou,' in a low and plaintive tone, an hour before sunrise; the maam whistles about the same hour; the hannaquoi, pataca, and maroudi announce his near approach to the eastern horizon, and the parrots and paroquets confirm his arrival there."

This traveller's delight and exultation always appear to increase as he loses sight of European inventions, and comes to something purely Indian. Speaking of an Indian tribe he says:

"They had only one gun, and it appeared rusty and neglected; but their poisoned weapons were in fine order. Their blow-pipes hung from the roof of the hut, carefully suspended by a silk grass cord; and on taking a nearer view of them, no dust seemed to have collected there, nor had the spider spun the smallest web on them; which showed that they were in constant use. The quivers were close by them, with the jaw-bone of the fish pirai tied by a string to their brim, and a small wicker-basket of wild cotton, which hung down to the centre; they were nearly full of

poisoned arrows. It was with difficulty these Indians could be persuaded to part with any of the *wourali* poison, though a good price was offered for it : they gave us to understand that it was powder and shot to them, and very difficult to be procured."

One of the strange and fanciful objects of Mr. Waterton's journey was, to obtain a better knowledge of the composition and nature of the *wourali* poison, the ingredient with which the Indians poison their arrows. In the wilds of Essequibo, far away from any European settlements, there is a tribe of Indians known by the name of *Macoushi*. The *wourali* poison is used by all the South American savages, betwixt the Amazon and the Oronoque ; but the Macoushi Indians manufacture it with the greatest skill, and of the greatest strength. A vine grows in the forest called *wourali* ; and from this vine, together with a good deal of nonsense and absurdity, the poison is prepared. When a native of Macoushia goes in quest of feathered game, he seldom carries his bow and arrows. It is the blow-pipe he then uses. The reed grows to an amazing length, as the part the Indians use is from ten to eleven feet long, and no tapering can be perceived, one end being as thick as another ; nor is there the slightest appearance of a knot or joint. The end which is applied to the mouth is tied round with a small silk grass cord. The arrow is from nine to ten inches long ; it is made out of the leaf of a palm tree, and pointed as sharp as a needle : about an inch of the pointed end is poisoned ; the other end is burnt to make it still harder, and wild cotton is put round it for an inch-and-a-half. The quiver holds from five to six hundred arrows, is from twelve to fourteen inches long, and in shape like a dice-box. With a quiver of these poisoned arrows over his shoulder, and his blow-pipe in his hand, the Indian stalks into the forest in quest of his feathered game :

" These generally sit high up in the tall and tufted trees, but still are not out of the Indian's reach ; for his blow-pipe, at its greatest elevation, will send an arrow three hundred feet. Silent as midnight he steals under them, and so cautiously does he

tread the ground that the fallen leaves rustle not beneath his feet. His ears are open to the least sound, while his eye, keen as that of the lynx, is employed in finding out the game in the thickest shade. Often he imitates their cry, and decoys them from tree to tree, till they are within range of his tube. Then taking a poisoned arrow from his quiver he puts it in the blow-pipe, and collects his breath for the fatal puff. About two feet from the end through which he blows there are fastened two teeth of the acouri, and these serve him for a sight. Silent and swift the arrow flies, and seldom fails to pierce the object at which it is sent. Sometimes the wounded bird remains in the same tree where it was shot, but in three minutes falls down at the Indian's feet. Should he take wing, his flight is of short duration, and the Indian, following in the direction he has gone, is sure to find him dead. It is natural to imagine that, when a slight wound only is inflicted, the game will make its escape. Far otherwise ; the wourali poison instantaneously mixes with blood or water, so that if you wet your finger, and dash it along the poisoned arrow in the quickest manner possible, you are sure to carry off some of the poison. Though three minutes generally elapse before the convulsions come on in the wounded bird, still a stupor evidently takes place sooner, and this stupor manifests itself by an apparent unwillingness in the bird to move. This was very visible in a dying fowl."

The flesh of the game is not in the slightest degree injured by the poison ; nor does it appear to be corrupted sooner than that killed by the gun or knife. For the larger animals, an arrow with a poisoned spike is used :

"Thus armed with deadly poison, and hungry as the hyæna, he ranges through the forest in quest of the wild beasts' track. No hound can act a surer part. Without clothes to fetter him or shoes to bind his feet, he observes the footsteps of the game, where a European eye could not discern the smallest vestige. He pursues it through all its turns and windings with astonishing perseverance, and success generally crowns his efforts. The animal, after receiving the poisoned arrow, seldom retreats two hundred paces before it drops. In passing over land from the Essequibo to the Demerara, we fell in with a herd of wild hogs. Though encumbered with baggage, and fatigued with a hard day's walk an Indian got his bow ready, and let fly a poisoned arrow at one of them. It entered the cheek bone and broke off.

The wild hog was found quite dead about 170 paces from the place where he had been shot. He afforded us an excellent and wholesome supper."

The second journey of Mr. Waterton, in the year 1816, was to Pernambuco, in the Southern Hemisphere, on the coast of Brazil, and from thence he proceeds to Cayenne. His plan was to have ascended the Amazon from Para, and got into the Rio Negro ; and from thence to have returned towards the source of the Essequibo, in order to examine the Crystal Mountains, and to look once more for Lake Parima, or the White Sea : but, on arriving at Cayenne, he found that to beat up the Amazon would be long and tedious ; he left Cayenne, therefore, in an American ship for Paramaribo, went through the interior to Coryntin, stopped a few days at New Amsterdam, and proceeded to Demerara :

"Leave behind you" (he says to the traveller) "your high-seasoned dishes, your wines, and your delicacies ; carry nothing but what is necessary for your own comfort and the object in view, and depend upon the skill of an Indian, or your own, for fish and game. A sheet, about twelve feet long, ten wide, painted, and with loop-holes on each side, will be of great service : in a few minutes you can suspend it betwixt two trees in the shape of a roof. Under this, in your hammock, you may defy the pelting shower, and sleep heedless of the dews of night. A hat, a shirt, and a light pair of trousers, will be all the raiment you require. Custom will soon teach you to tread lightly and barefoot on the little inequalities of the ground, and show you how to pass on, unwounded, amid the mantling briars."

Snakes are certainly an annoyance : but the snake, though high-spirited, is not quarrelsome ; he considers his fangs to be given for defence, and not for annoyance, and never inflicts a wound but to defend existence. If you tread upon him, he puts you to death for your clumsiness, merely because he does not understand what your clumsiness means ; and certainly a snake who feels fourteen or fifteen stone stamping upon his tail has little time for reflection, and may be allowed to be poisonous and peevish.

The description of the birds is very animated ; and how far does the gentle reader imagine the campanero may be heard, whose size is that of a jay ? The campanero may be heard three miles—this single little bird being more powerful than the belfry of a cathedral ringing for a new dean—just appointed on account of shabby politics, small understanding, and good family.

There is no end to the extraordinary noises of the forest of Cayenne. The woodpecker, in striking the tree with his bill, makes a sound so loud, that Mr. Waterton says it reminds you more of a wood-cutter than a bird. While lying in your hammock you hear the goat-sucker lamenting like one in deep distress. "Suppose yourself in hopeless sorrow, begin with a high loud note, and pronounce, 'ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,' each note lower and lower, till the last is scarcely heard, pausing a moment or two betwixt every note, and you will have some idea of the moaning of the largest goat-sucker in Demerara." One species of the goat-sucker cries, "Who are you? Who are you? Another exclaims, "Work away, work away." A third, "Willy come go, Willy come go." A fourth, "Whip poor Will, Whip poor Will." It is very flattering to us that they should all speak English !

Just before his third journey Mr. Waterton takes leave of Sir Joseph Banks, and speaks of him with affectionate regret. "I saw, with sorrow, that Death was going to rob us of him. We talked of stuffing quadrupeds; I agreed that the lips and nose ought to be cut off, and stuffed with wax." This is the way great naturalists take an eternal farewell of each other ! Mr. Waterton gives an account of the sloth, an animal which he studied with peculiar attention :

"Some years ago I kept a sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house and placed him upon the ground, in order to have an opportunity of observing his motions. If the ground were rough, he would pull himself forwards, by means of his fore-legs at a pretty good pace ; and

he invariably shaped his course towards the nearest tree. But if I put him upon a smooth and well-trodden part of the road, he appeared to be in trouble and distress ; his favourite abode was the back of a chair, and after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often, with a low and inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him."

The sloth, in its wild state, spends its life in trees, and never leaves them but from force or accident. The eagle to the sky, the mole to the ground, the sloth to the tree ; but what is most extraordinary, he lives not *upon* the branches but *under* them. He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and so passes his life in suspense.

Every animal has his enemies. The land tortoise has two enemies, man, and the boa constrictor. The natural defence of the tortoise is to draw himself up in his shell, and to remain quiet. In this state, the tiger, however famished, can do nothing with him, for the shell is too strong for the stroke of his paw. Man, however, takes him home and roasts him—and the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all.

Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The *bête rouge* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose ; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into the bed ; ants eat up the books ; scorpions sting you on the foot. Everything bites, stings, or bruises ; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup, a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is

hastening over the bread and butter. All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, and drizzle.

We come now to the counterpart of St. George and the Dragon. Everyone knows that the large snake of tropical climates throws himself upon his prey, twists the folds of his body round the victim, presses him to death, and then eats him. Mr. Waterton wanted a large snake for the sake of his skin ; and it occurred to him that the success of this sort of combat depended upon who began first, and that if he could contrive to fling himself upon the snake, he was just as likely to send the snake to the British Museum, as the snake, if allowed the advantage of prior occupation, was to eat him up. The opportunities which Yorkshire squires have had, before or since, of combating with the boa constrictor, are so few that Mr. Waterton must be allowed to tell his own story in his own manner :

" We went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent all alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved ; and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next to me seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On pinning him to the ground with the lance he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail, and after a violent struggle or two he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth. The snake, now finding himself in

an unpleasant position, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work ; but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm ; one negro supported the belly and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times ; for the snake was too heavy for us to support him, without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards with him he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain."

One of these combats might have been thought sufficient for glory, and for the interests of the British Museum. But Hercules killed two snakes, and Mr. Waterton would not be content with less :

" There was a path where timber had formerly been dragged along. Here I observed a young coulacanara, ten feet long, slowly moving onwards ; I saw he was not thick enough to break my arm, in case he got twisted round it. There was not a moment to be lost. I laid hold of his tail with the left hand, one knee being on the ground ; with the right I took off my hat, and held it as you would hold a shield for defence. The snake instantly turned, and came on at me, with his head about a yard from the ground, as if to ask me what business I had to take liberties with his tail. I let him come, hissing and open-mouthed, within two feet of my face, and then, with all the force I was master of, I drove my fist, shielded by my hat, full in his jaws. He was stunned and confounded by the blow, and ere he could recover himself I had seized his throat with both hands, in such a position that he could not bite me ; I then allowed him to coil himself round my body, and marched off with him as my lawful prize. He pressed me hard, but not alarmingly so."

When the body of the large snake began to smell the vultures immediately arrived. The king of the vultures first gorged himself, and then retired to a large tree, while his subjects consumed the remainder. It does not appear that there was any favouritism. When the king was full, all the mob vultures ate alike ; neither could Mr. Waterton perceive that there was any division into Catholic and Protestant vultures, or that the majority of the flock thought it essentially vulturish to exclude one-third

of their numbers from the blood and entrails. The vulture, it is remarkable, never eats live animals. He seems to abhor everything which has not the relish of putrescence and flavour of death. The following is a characteristic specimen of the little inconveniences to which travellers are liable who sleep on the feather beds of the forest. To see a rat in a room in Europe ensures a night of horror. Everything is by comparison:

"About midnight, as I was lying awake, and in great pain, I heard the Indian say, 'Massa, massa, you no hear tiger?' I listened attentively, and heard the softly sounding tread of his feet as he approached us. The moon had gone down, but every now and then we could get a glance of him by the light of our fire; he was the jaguar, for I could see the spots on his body. Had I wished to have fired at him, I was not able to take a sure aim, for I was in such pain that I could not turn myself in my hammock. The Indian would have fired, but I would not allow him to do so, as I wanted to see a little more of our new visitor: for it is not every day or night that the traveller is favoured with an undisturbed sight of the jaguar in his own forests. Whenever the fire got low the jaguar came a little nearer, and when the Indian renewed it he retired abruptly: sometimes he would come within twenty yards, and then we had a view of him, sitting on his hind legs like a dog; sometimes he moved slowly to and fro, and at other times we could hear him mend his pace, as if impatient. At last the Indian, not relishing the idea of having such company in the neighbourhood, could contain himself no longer, and set up a most tremendous yell. The jaguar bounded off like a race-horse, and returned no more; it appeared by the print of his feet the next morning that he was a full-grown jaguar."

We have seen Mr. Waterton fling himself upon a snake; we shall now mount him upon a crocodile. He had baited for a cayman or crocodile, the hook was swallowed, and the object was to pull the animal up and to secure him. "If you pull him up," say the Indians, "as soon as he sees you on the brink of the river, he will run at you and destroy you." "Never mind," says our traveller "pull away, and leave the rest to me." And accordingly he places himself upon the shore, with the mast of

the canoe in his hand, ready to force it down the throat of the crocodile as soon as he makes his appearance :

" By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation ; I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and by main force twisted them on his back ; thus they served me for a bridle. He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden farther in land. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. That would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride :

' *Delphini insidens, vada cœrula sulcat Arion.*'

The people now dragged us above forty yards on the sand ; it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's foxhounds."

Our traveller had now been nearly eleven months in the desert, and not in vain. Home he brought a prodigious variety of insects, 230 birds, ten land tortoises, five armadillos, two large serpents, a sloth, an ant-bear, and a cayman. At Liverpool, the Custom House officers, men ignorant of Linnæus, got hold of his collection, detained it six weeks, and, in spite of remonstrances to the Treasury, he was forced to pay very high duties.

The fourth journey of Mr. Waterton is to the United States. It is pleasantly written ; but our author does not appear as much at home among men as among beasts. Shooting, stuffing, and pursuing are his occupations. He is lost in places where there are no bushes, snakes, nor Indians. But

he is full of good and amiable feeling wherever he goes. We cannot avoid introducing the following passage :

"The steamboat from Quebec to Montreal had above five hundred Irish emigrants on board. They were going, "they hardly knew whither," far away from dear Ireland. It made one's heart ache to see them all huddled together, without any expectation of ever revisiting their native soil. We feared that the sorrow of leaving home for ever, the miserable accommodations on board the ship which had brought them away, and the tossing of the angry ocean, in a long and dreary voyage, would have rendered them callous to good behaviour. But it was quite otherwise. They conducted themselves with great propriety. Every American on board seemed to feel for them. And then "they were so full of wretchedness. Need and oppression stared within their eyes. Upon their backs hung ragged misery. The world was not their friend." "Poor dear Ireland," exclaimed an aged female, as I was talking to her, "I shall never see it any more!"

We are glad to see America praised (slavery excepted) by Mr. Waterton, in days before it was fashionable to praise it :

"Our Western brother is in possession of a country replete with everything that can contribute to the happiness and comfort of mankind. His code of laws, purified by experience and common sense, has fully answered the expectations of the public. By acting up to the true spirit of this code he has reaped immense advantages from it. His advancement, as a nation, has been rapid beyond all calculation; and, young as he is, it may be remarked, without any impropriety, that he is now actually reading a salutary lesson to the rest of the civilised world."

A. C. OPIE.

Reviews and Views.

MDLLE.
DOUSTE.

LONDON possesses a new Prima Donna in the person of Mdlle. Jeanne Douste, a devout Catholic girl, of French parentage, but a resident in London. For years, from the time when she was first lifted up to her seat at the piano, to unravel the intricacies of a Bach fugue, this young musician has been constantly before the public as a pianist; and she and her sister, Mdlle. Louise Douste, are known to many persons in many lands : for the Mdlles. Douste are a unique pair. Mdlle. Jeanne Douste, who, young as she is, has a most brilliant record as a pianist, has this winter produced the beautiful voice that has been training of late under the care of Signor Tosti. She has quickly attained operatic standing, having hardly passed through the concert-room, and her first work as operatic soprano has been the creation (in England) of the part of Gretel, in Humperdinck's exquisite opera on the old fairy tale, "Hänsel und Gretel." Humperdinck is recognised in Germany as a master. His music is Wagnerian in character, which the public, delighted with its extraordinary life, movement, and time, may be surprised to hear. The opera is one of the few pieces on London boards to which parents should wish to take boys and girls. The singing of Mdlle. Douste (who, we believe, has great delight in the innocence as well as in the high and charming art of the opera), Mdlle. Elba, and the whole company are admirable. Especially do the two young *soprani* carry off scene after scene by their perfect vivacity and gaiety.

Mdlle. Douste's long musical history has had its effect in this new development of her gifts.

THE ROSSETTIS. **W**HEN the family of Lord Beaconsfield took the name of D'Israeli—"so that their race might be for ever recognised"—in gratitude to God for their escape from the Inquisition, they little thought how illustrious it would be made in Gentile England by one of its members. Another foreign name has an answering renown in literary England to-day—the name of Rossetti. Between the Disraelis and the Rossettis were other similarities besides those of a foreign origin and an extraordinary fame. Rossetti the Elder—as the father of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and of Christina Rossetti may be called—came to our shores a fugitive. He was a conspirator against the King of Naples some seventy years ago; and, the time for revolution being still unripe, he fled to London, and became a teacher of Italian in King's College. He was a Dante student, and he was, besides, a sort of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, for he found in Dante's poems a double meaning—one for the public and another for the initiated—so that Beatrice might appear to some readers a woman, and to others a secret society or a sect. There was a good deal of folly about all this, as Coleridge thought, who read the essay. But Rossetti the Elder did something more than interpret Dante whimsically. He fell in love with Miss Polidori—the daughter of another family of Italian refugees—married her, and became the father of four children. These he called by names that are full of Catholic tradition. Dante Gabriel, William Michael, Christina, and Maria. Yet they were not baptised as Catholics, or intended by their parents to be such. Their parents somehow associated together political tyranny and the Catholic religion, and, in falling foul of the tyrant, also faded from the Church. With their names, however, the Rossetti children, or some of them, inherited Catholic sentiments, they

hardly knew how or what. The first picture painted by Dante Rossetti was "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin." His beautiful "Annunciation," a later work, is in the National Gallery. His poetry abounds with fervour such as few Catholic writers have been favoured with. His "Ave" and his "Mary's Girlhood"—a sonnet, fellow to his picture—take a first rank among all the poetry written in her honour:

Mother of the Fair Delight,
Thou handmaid perfect in God's sight,
Now sitting fourth beside the Three,
Thyself a woman-Trinity—
Being a daughter born to God,
Mother of Christ from stall to rood,
And wife unto the Holy Ghost :—
Oh, when our need is uttermost,
Think that to such as death may strike
Thou once wert sister sisterlike !
Thou headstone of humanity,
Groundwork of the great Mystery,
Fashioned like us, yet more than we !

So the "Ave" opens ; and yet the writer made no outward profession of religion, nor joined himself to any Church. It was as though those generations of Catholic ancestors yet spoke by his inspired mouth. Those same ancestors, perhaps, spoke in him again when—his own "need" being then "uttermost"—he called out for a priest during his last illness—a cry heard in Heaven doubtless, but disregarded, and even derided, by those about him.

CHRISTINA
ROSSETTI.

MISS CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, whose death we now mourn, had a somewhat different spiritual history. She formally joined the Established Church of the country of her father's adoption. The piety which stirred her blood, and led her to this demonstration—as her family no doubt thought it—did not rest content with common things. While her sister actually entered an Anglican Convent, Christina remained a sort of Nun in the

world. She was not desolate, but she was detached. She shunned the society that was eager to make a lion of her. Her later years she gave to nursing her mother, who lived beyond the age of eighty ; and, after her mother's death, she was daily to be found in her parish church near Bloomsbury. She did not allow herself to read all the poems written by her brother Dante, much as she loved him. Yet, ascetic as she was in her choice of subjects, she expressed herself with an ardour that won for her religious poetry admirers who admired no other. Mr. Swinburne himself praised her with his superlatives ; and it is no uncommon thing to find, on the bookshelves of young men, next to the pagan poems of Mr. Swinburne the servid hymns of Miss Rossetti. All of her work is deeply religious—much of it avowedly so. She published a number of books of piety which have had an enormous sale and influence among Anglicans. "Called to be Saints" is one of these—a sort of Breviary for the Anglican laity. She sang of Saints, and she made sweet to unaccustomed ears the memory of Martyrs :

They bore the cross, they drained the cup,
Racked, roasted, crushed, wrenched limb from limb
They the offscouring of the world :
The heaven of starry heavens unfurled,
The sun before their face is dim.

She judged herself by the standard of the Saints :

I love and love not : Lord, it breaks my heart
To love and not to love.

Her constant wish was to do what she could for the service of others by her great literary gifts. For children she wrote a multitude of hymns, which have a note entirely and admirably her own. We take a specimen :

How can one man, how can all men,
How can we be like St. Paul,
Like St. John, or like St. Peter,
Like the least of all
Blessed Saints? for we are small

Love can make us like St. Peter,
Love can make us like St. Paul,
Love can make us like the blessed
Bosom friend of all,
Great St. John, though we are small.

Love which trusts and clings and worships
Love which rises from a fall,
Love which, prompting glad obedience,
Labours most of all,
Love makes great the great and small.

Miss Christina Rosetti had filled four or five goodly volumes with such work as this before she died, after much suffering, at the age of sixty-four. Her face remains to us in various forms. She sat for the Virgin in her brother's picture of "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," though not, we believe, for the Virgin in "The Annunciation," as commonly stated in the newspapers during the last few days. And when Mr. Holman Hunt painted his "Light of the World," he had to go (as he told a friend) to Miss Christina Rossetti to get a certain expression he wanted for the face of his Christ. In poetry and art, therefore, she leaves to England her legacy—the legacy, as we venture to say, of the religious feeling and fervour of many generations, which the alienation of a single generation did not destroy: a legacy welcome as it is unexpected, and received at the hands of heredity by modern England from mediæval Italy.

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. **C**HRISTINA ROSSETTI was so certainly a poet that she has left nothing of doubtful quality. It is true that in much of her slighter poems the fine quality is thin, but the work in which she achieved her masterpieces is not different in kind from these: it is only fuller and more profound. Her greatest thing is a great poem, her least thing a very little one. But nothing is common or mean. You do not call the thinnest beaten gold a cheap thing. What Christina Rossetti was when she did not scatter, but gathered up—and whether she scattered

or gathered she handled true gold—is to be seen in “The Convent Threshold,” “The Three Enemies,” “Advent,” “Up-hill,” and “Amor Mundi.” There are others, but these are the chief. The first is the most impassioned thing she has written ; it seems to the reader as though the lines were shaken by the force of a feeling that never breaks into the relief of violence. The penitent who sends back to her lover from her convent threshold this call to leave the easy way and to seek the narrow, says of her own sharpest conflict :

My words were slow, my tears were few.

Such are her own in this poem of suffering. It is not to be suggested that there is always a moment of weakness in violent poetry ; nevertheless, violence is always an outbreak, it is always, as has just been said, a relief and a loss. And no relief or loss assuages the passion of “The Convent Threshold.” The exquisiteness with which Miss Rossetti chose the beautiful word is proved by her little quatrain, which has perhaps been long forgotten, written to teach a child how to know the waxing from the waning moon :

O lady moon, your horns point to the east.
Shine, be increased !

O lady moon, your horns point to the west.
Wane, be at rest !

She lived sequestered, by her own solemn choice, serving her mother, “whose service,” as she said, “was her chief dignity,” and her aunt, until the death of both ; and shunning the world that would have praised her. She refused to be tempted out of that solitude, so full for her of spirituality ; nevertheless, she did not deny herself to those who sought her. She was simply and frankly kind, rather talkative than silent, so as to make her visitor happier. In the most beautiful of her portraits there is too much of the habit of the hand that drew it—her brother’s—too much of the curled lips and the long chin for a real likeness. One of her photographs shows her to have had more than a little likeness to himself, as had her art to his.

THE ROARING FROST. **E** FLOCK of winds came winging from the North,
Strong birds with fighting pinions driving forth
With a resounding call !
Where will they close their wings and cease their cries—
Between what warming seas and conquering skies—
And fold, and fall ?

DR. HAKE. **D**R. GORDON HAKE, dying at the age of eighty-six, was old enough to have read, on their first publication, some of the poems of Wordsworth, whom he vastly admired, and whom he resembled, not only in some of his writing moods, but also in the shape of his head and the stoop of his shoulders. He had the back of a poet without any doubt, as you saw him in the street; and, as for his features, Dante Rossetti's portrait is a remarkably faithful rendering of him. Though it dates back so very long, it substantially represents him as he looked at the end of his equable life, in his room in St. John's Wood, where he passed a long illness, lightened for him by excellent nursing and by the visits of his sons and daughters-in-law, of Lady Ripon and Mr. Theodore Watts, and other attached friends. His last strong interest in life was the publication at the Bodley Head of the Selections Mrs. Meynell made from his poems; and shortly after that he received a sort of national homage in the shape of a pension on the Civil List, "in recognition of his merits as a poet."

LETTERS AND MEN OF LETTERS. **G**REAT writers, who receive letters from strangers, need not always suppose those strangers to be persons of inconsequence or folly. They may, indeed, be Rossettis in disguise. Shelley, of course, wrote such letters frequently in his youth. Perhaps even George Eliot fell into the same indiscretion, as some might call it. There is, at any rate, a very sincere realism about the mood in which Maggie Tulliver determines to write

to Sir Walter Scott, to tell him how wretched and how clever she is. Rossetti, as a youth, addressed himself so to Bell Scott, sending to him the MS. of the "Blessed Damozel." He also wrote to Ford Madox Brown, to express a stranger's admiration after seeing some of his cartoons. Similarly he wrote to Browning, so beginning an acquaintanceship which lasted over many years. To Dr. Gordon Hake he also wrote, after ascertaining him to be the author of the anonymous "Vates" and "Valdarno" he had read with admiration as a boy at King's College, and when he emerged from his teens. An invitation to call brought Hake to Rossetti's studio about the year 1860, and after that they were much together, until at last Rossetti began to lead the life of a recluse. Mr. John Morley, by the way, as Editor of Men of Letters Series, refused a biography offered by Robert Louis Stevenson; and, as Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, a notice by Dante Rossetti of one of Dr. Hake's volumes of poems. No wonder Mr. Morley left literature for politics, and found relief from the harassing misfortunes of editing in the comparatively easy task of governing Ireland!

ENTERTAINING ARTISTS UNAWARES. **S**O the great Lenbach has been in London, and no dinner given to him, nor reception at the Mansion House, nor newspaper paragraph.

The greatest portrait painter of contemporary Germany, and the greatest but one in all contemporary Europe, has been jogged by the man in the street, who knew him not. The National Gallery detained him; and he lingered in Leicester Square to look at the house in which Sir Joshua lived. Sir Joshua's palette, by the way, was on view, but not on sale, in a Piccadilly window, and vainly did Lenbach try to buy it. Sir Joshua, Lenbach rates as the greatest of English painters, and places near to him Gainsborough, Romney, Constable, and Turner. Lenbach has painted the Pope, Prince Bismarck, and Mr. Gladstone more than once; and he has won the warm friendship of all three.



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& PULL
ALL DAY,

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WILL NOT
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